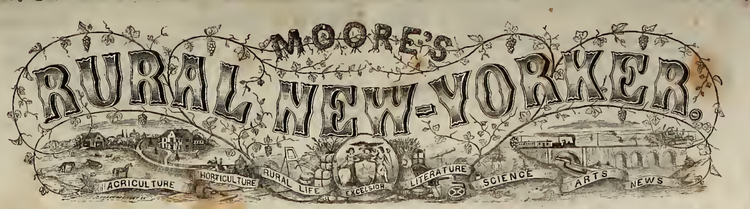
MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XII. NO. 46.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861. {WHOLE NO. 618.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

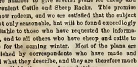
THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

SHEEP AND CATTLE RACKS.

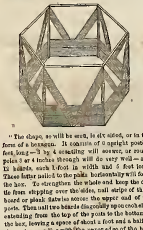
IN our last issue we gave plans for a Corn House, in response to several inquiries, and promised in a future number to give several plans for cheap and convenient Cattle and Sheep Racks. This promise we now redeem, and we are satisfied that the subject is not only seasonable, but will be found exceedingly profitable to those who have requested the information, and to all others who have sheep and cattle to care for the coming winter. Most of the plans are furnished by correspondents who have made and used what they describe, and they are therefore much more reliable than mere fancy sketches.

CATTLE RACK AND TROUGH.—A correspondent of Lobo, Canada West, furnishes the following, which he says is superior to anything he had before seen or used:—"It is so constructed that there is no danger of the larger cattle throwing the smaller ones into the trough, or of their in any way becoming entangled in the rack. It is well adapted to feeding straw, chaff, bran, turnips, &c. Being portable its position may easily be changed.



"The cut will explain itself. It is 14 feet long, 32 inches wide, 27 inches high, and 16 inches from the ground to bottom of trough. The frame is made of 3 by 4 scantling—the bottom of inch boards—the sides and ends of two-inch plank—the end planks rise four inches above the side planks to receive the ends of rack and to form a hinge so as to turn up against the center post, where the middle rung passes between two wooden spring hooks which hold it while the trough is being filled. The rack should be made of tough wood, the side pieces of 2 by 3 inch, the rungs 1¼ inch square and 9 1-16 inches apart."

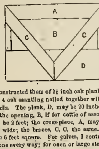
HEXAGON CATTLE RACK.—From a friend, in Oxford county, Maine, we have a plan of a hexagon rack, which is said to be far superior, in point of economy and convenience, to anything which had come under the author's notice, and to be easily made by any one possessing ordinary skill in using tools.



"The shape, as will be seen, is six sided, or in the form of a hexagon. It consists of 6 upright posts 5 feet long—3 by 4 scantling will answer, or round poles 3 or 4 inches through will do very well—and 12 boards, each 1 foot in width and 5 feet long. These latter nailed to the posts horizontally will form the box. To strengthen the whole and keep the cattle from stepping over the sides, nail strips of thick board or plank flatwise across the upper end of the posts. Then nail two boards diagonally upon each side, extending from the top of the posts to the bottom of the box, leaving a space of about a foot and a half in the center on a line with the upper edge of the box. These slanting boards serve as braces, and give strength and firmness to the whole structure, and make six feeding places for the cattle. If scantling is used for posts, it would be well to bow off the corner from each, so as to make the boards fit well.

Mode of Construction.—Nail the boards to two sets of posts to form two opposite sides. Cut two strips of board about 10 feet 4 inches long; stand the side upright and nail these strips across the top and bottom—across the diameter—then bring the other ends within five feet and nail on the boards across the end. You will then have three sides formed. Nail on the other two opposite sides and end. Put on the braces and it is done. It can be moved to different parts of the yard, and with proper care, will last a number of years."

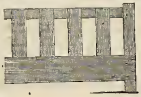
JUDGE JESSE BUELL'S CATTLE RACK.—More than twenty years ago Judge BUELL described in the *Albany Cultivator* the annexed plan for Cattle Boxes. A correspondent of Milan, Ohio, writes us that soon after its publication he "built sufficient to accommodate his stock, and they are now in pretty good repair, although they have been exposed to the weather, and have proved every way satisfactory. I value them as equivalent to many years' payment to an agricultural paper." He reports the manner of construction as follows:—



"I constructed them of 1¼ inch oak plank, the posts of 4 by 4 oak scantling nailed together with 12d. and 20d. nails. The plank, D, may be 20 inches or 2 feet wide; the opening, B, if for cattle of assorted sizes, should be 2 feet; the cross-piece, A, may be 8 or 12 inches wide; the braces, C, C, the same. The area may be 6 feet square. For calves, I contract the dimensions every way; for oxen or large steers, if each are fed separate, the opening, B, may be enlarged a few inches. But the dimensions of the above plan I have found to answer well for the barn-yard for cattle of all sizes, except calves, which ought always to be kept separate. If the opening, B, is too large, small cattle will convert the box into a bedstead; if too small, the cross-piece, A, will press too hard on the necks of the large animals.

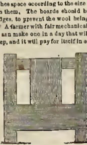
Some contrivance of the kind I can commend very heartily to my brother farmers. The hay is saved from waste, whether little or much is fed. The farmer is saved from much care, either in his own person, or on behalf of the boys who fodder the cattle, in relation to the quantity fed, for the boxes are an unfailing index of the appetite of the animals—and if it be desired the cattle may be occasionally foddered over night for the next morning, or *vice versa*. When orts gather in the boxes, the cattle may be stinted to consume them, or a little brine will render the mess palatable."

SHEEP RACK.—J. S. BEECHER, of Livonia, N. Y., some time since furnished us with the following, which he adopted, after trying several other kinds. He says:



SECTION OF SIDE VIEW.

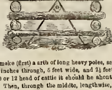
"It is cheap, strong and easily moved. It consists of four posts, 4 by 4 scantling, 3 feet long, morticed near the top to receive the upper rail, which should be 2 by 4, or 1½ by 4, with the tenon facing outward, so that when put together, the face of the rail shall be one inch within the outer edge of the posts. The bottom board, 10 or 12 inches in width, is nailed upon the outside 3 or 4 inches from the bottom of the posts. The upright strips are 5 or 6 inches wide, 1 inch thick, and are nailed upon the outside of the upper rail and the inside of the board, with sixpenny nails, with about 6 inches space according to the size of the sheep to be fed in them. The boards should be planed, at least the edges, to prevent the wool being torn from the sheep." A farmer with fair mechanical genius and good tools can make one in a day that will accommodate 25 sheep, and it will pay for itself in a single year.



END VIEW.

The advantages of this rack are that it is portable, the seed does not get into the wool, the sheep cannot crowd each other, and all have an equal chance. No hay can be wasted, they are handy for penning sheep, they are compact, strong, and easily piled away for the summer. I think them, on the whole, the best sheep rack for practical use that I have seen."

RACK MADE OF POLES.—From Alabama, N. Y., we have the following, recommended on account of its cheapness, and the little time required in its construction:—



"I make (first) a crib of long heavy poles, say from 6 to 8 inches through, 5 feet wide, and 2½ feet high. For 10 or 12 head of cattle it should be about 30 feet long. Then, through the middle, lengthwise, on the top of the last cross pieces lay a good, stiff, straight pole, *a*, with a cross piece under it in the middle. This done, take common fence stakes, or small poles, *b*, *b*, 7 feet long, and cross them on the middle pole, *a*, on each side alternately, until the whole crib is filled, then lay another pole, *c*, *c*, on each side of the crib well notched into the cross pieces, *d*, *d*, to prevent their being pushed out of place; and the rack is completed.

The above sketch shows an end view. The space, *a*, between the rack and sides of the crib, forms a manger into which all the scattering fodder falls, so that there is no possibility of the cattle treading on any. I think it far preferable to square boxes, or any other barn-yard apparatus that has ever come under my observation."

* * *

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Preserving Potatoes by Burying Deeply.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Scottish Farmer* writes to that journal, corroborating certain statements of the editor relative to the preservative principle of seeds buried beyond the action of air and moisture, and relates an instance where potatoes were thus buried six feet from the earth's surface, which, after two years, were exhumed, and found quite sound and good for use. He says,

"The case I refer to was the result of accident, and happened in this manner. I had an old ice well of the ordinary description, which I abandoned when I built one of double timbers on the surface, after the American fashion. My gardener used for several years the old well as a potato store. It happened three years ago that the roof fell in and buried several hundred weight of potatoes, which, as we had plenty, were not cared for at the time. Last year we required stones for a certain purpose, and had those forming the sides and roof of the ice-house dug out, when to our astonishment we found almost the whole of the potatoes as sound as those of the same year's crop. I mention this, as it may be turned to account in seasons when we have, as we had last year, a surplus crop, that by burying them deep enough, and in a dry place, we might secure ourselves against a short crop, as in all probability will be the case this year on account of the prevailing disease. In mentioning this to a friend learned in such matters, he tells me that potatoes buried one foot deep produce shoots near the end of spring; at the depth of two feet they appear about the middle of summer; at three feet in depth, they appear very short, and never come to the surface; and between three and five feet they cease to vegetate. He further informs me that he has buried potatoes in his garden at the depth of three and a half feet, which were not removed until after one and two years, when they were found quite sound, and possessed their original freshness, firmness, goodness and taste."

Cattle for the Dairy.

IN a review of the volume issued by Prof. GAMGEE, the editor of the *Mark Lane Express* writes:

"Professor G.'s work is of a more general description, and embraces the choice of cattle on scientific principles, in the formation of a dairy. He agrees in this respect with most of the best informed and practical men,—that the Yorkshire Short-horns are in every respect the best adapted to the dairy; and, although the Suffolk polled, the Ayrshire and the Alderney breeds have still their advocates, the Short-horns are now the dominant race in every dairy district in the kingdom. They are found not only to yield a large meal of milk, and to hold their milk longer after they are in calf, but the calves make more valuable oxen, and the cows, after five or six years' milking, fatten readily, and make good beef. The milk, it is true, is less rich in cream than the Devon or Hereford, and a cross between either of these and the Short-horn has been found to improve the quality of the milk, without deteriorating the cattle in other respects.

"For private families the Alderney has hitherto been a great favorite, on account of disposition. A new race, however, has recently been introduced from France, that is likely, we think, to obtain some patronage as a family cow; this is the Bretonne breed, of which a considerable number have been brought over and sold for that purpose. These little animals—for they are rather smaller than the Kerry cow—give a good deal of milk (say from five to seven quarts a day,) cost very little to keep, and are as quiet and gentle as a lamb, and will follow the person who tends them about, like a spaniel, when kindly treated. At present, as novelties, they sell rather high; but when they become more common and cheap, they will be well adapted to the cottager who has an allotment of land. Unlike the Jersey cow, the Bretonne is a hardy animal, active and strong, though gentle and quiet. Hardy by nature, she thrives under any circumstances, and, when well cared for and stall fed, fattens rapidly. She has indeed the greatest aptitude for laying on flesh as soon as the secretion of milk is suspended. It will be found that in proportion as they are allowed exercise, when well fed, they will continue to give much milk.'"

Lime on Diseased Seed Potatoes.

JAMES WOOD, of Essex, England, describes in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* the result of an application of lime to diseased potatoes, as follows:

"They were very bad, about one part in four being fit for food. I took them up in September, and divided them into three sorts, viz.,—the few that were good I put by themselves; the bad I made two sorts—the small and really rotten I threw into the hog-sty, the rest of them I put into an out-house, and sprinkled some unslaked lime all over them, letting them lie unprotected until February. The lime protected them from frost. I then planted what had any signs of life in them, which consisted of about three sacks. The sorts planted were the Pink-eyed Fortyfold and Red Athlasf. I am now raising them (Aug. 1,) and I am happy to inform you that I have not found one diseased among them, and have taken up several rods; in fact, they are the best crop I have had for years, and if there was one sound potato planted it was by accident."

Salt to Save Manure.

A RECENT issue of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* gives the following as a preservative of the fertilizing elements of manure:—"Dissolve common salt in water, sprinkle the same over your manure heap, and the volatile parts of the ammonia will become fixed salts, from their having united with the muriatic acid of the common salt; and the soda thus liberated from the salt will quickly absorb carbonic acid, forming carbonate of soda; thus you will retain with your manure the ammonia that would otherwise fly away, and you have also a new and most important agent introduced, viz., the carbonate of soda, which is a powerful solvent of all vegetable fiber."

* * *

PATENT OFFICE AG. REPORT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In my last I gave my views of the management of the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, with some notice of the plants ready for distribution, and some notes on the volume just issued for distribution among the politicians and farmers of the country, the "*Patent Office Report, Agricultural, for* 1860." The latter I purpose to continue.

The first paper in the Report is one of formidable proportions, being nearly 50 pages closely printed, on *Fertilizers*, by Hon. THOMAS G. CLEMENSON, the present Superintendent of Agricultural Affairs of the United States. It is prepared with a good deal of labor, mostly from European authorities, and contains nothing new. It will be read by but few; and he who reads it the most attentively will hardly find a hint that will be useful in practice to pay for his labor.

A still more lengthy document follows by D. A. WELLS, of Troy, N. Y. It is made up of extracts from American and Foreign Agricultural Journals. A few years since Mr. W. published a volume of similar extracts, called the *Year Book of Agriculture*, designing to continue its publication annually, but it obtained a small circulation only, not sufficient, I presume, to justify a continuance of the work. The selections are made with tolerably good judgment, and this is really one of the most valuable documents to farmers in the Report.

A year or two ago the Hon. HENRY F. FRENCH, of Exeter, New Hampshire, made a trip to Europe, for the purpose of examining and perhaps purchasing improved stock, and furnished to some of the Massachusetts papers interesting letters on what he saw and heard in England. Mr. F. has written out his notes in full, and furnished for the Report an interesting paper which he calls *Observations on English Husbandry*. He believes Americans may study the practices of Europeans with profit, and with this opinion I fully agree; for though our condition and practices are necessarily dissimilar in many respects, the nearer all come to what may be denominated good farming, the more nearly will our practices accord. That improvement is greatly needed, even in the oldest and best cultivated States, is shown by an extract from the Report of the Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, which states that in ten years, ending in 1850, although the tilled land had increased more than 40,000 acres, there had been no increase of grain crops, but an absolute depreciation of 600,000 bushels; and with an increase of 100,000 acres of pasturage there had been scarcely any increase of neat cattle, and a decrease of 160,000 sheep and 17,000 swine. I know not how these figures were obtained, but such calculations are often the most unreliable things in existence. Notwithstanding the old maxim, figures are responsible for the worst agricultural fibs perpetrated.

Mr. F. says truly that those in England who depend upon the soil for a livelihood are divided into three classes, the landlords or great landowners, the farmers who lease their land of the landowners, in lots varying at from one hundred to one thousand acres, and the laborers who work for the farmers. The latter class he describes as ill paid for their labors, earning only about forty cents per day. This fact allows the farmer to pay heavy rents and taxes, and make a living profit. "Were the English farmer compelled to pay American prices for the labor on his farm for a term of five years, he would be entirely ruined—utterly unable to pay his rent, and national bankruptcy would ensue. But, on the other hand, if American farmers were required to pay the rents and charges which English farmers annually meet, it is doubtful whether, even with English prices of labor, they would be able to find a profit in their operations."

Having traveled over many of the counties in the South of England, I can fully agree to the truthfulness of the above in the main. I believe in *agricultural improvement*, but if we cannot improve our agriculture without depriving the men who labor of the just reward of their toil, without compelling them by the fear of starvation to put their women and little children to the severe labor of the fields and the manure yards, then it will be more to our honor and glory that our agriculture should remain in its present condition. Many a man who boasts of the fine and sleek condition of his stock, can look without a particle of pity upon the half starved and over-worked laborers who would fain satisfy their hunger by dining with the cattle. Think of the best plowmen of Scotland, the best in the world, living for months upon oatmeal alone, with an allowance of less than twenty-five cents a week for luxuries, usually expended for butter. It is not strange that America is considered by the poor of Europe as the land of promise; but it is strange that with such a glorious land, where there is enough for all, and where every industrious man, with the ordinary blessings of Providence, can secure enough for himself and family, that we so often complain, and are so unmindful of the blessings we enjoy.

The next paper is one of the longest and dryest in the book, although on a moist subject, *Irrigation*, in which E. GOODRICH SMITH, of Washington, gives us the history of the subject from that great and universal irrigation, sometimes called a flood, down to the last freshet of Mud Creek. A thousand such documents would not add much to the wealth or wisdom of the working farmers of America. TRAVELER.

* * *

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

"LONG JOHN" AND HIS FARM.

"COME, B., go with me out to the Summit, and see my grasshoppers; the train leaves at 4 o'clock; be at my office precisely at half past three, will you?" said the Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH to the writer, a few days ago, as we left the dinner table at the Tremont. I determined to go, inasmuch as I had lived five years within twelve miles of the farm whence has been scattered so many Suffolks and South-Downs, through the West, and yet had not seen it. Accordingly, I was "on hand" promptly at 3½ o'clock.

WHO IS "LONG JOHN?"

It will be natural for some of the RURAL's readers to ask that question, and a reply may be necessary and appropriate. There are few Western men who do not know JOHN WENTWORTH as a politician and political economist. Many know him as an editor—as the editor and proprietor of the Chicago *Democrat*, which he has edited and published since 1836, until a month or two ago, when he sold it and retired from editorial life, having labored harder, written more, and made more money from his labor than the large proportion of his contemporaries. As an editor and politician, his life has been one of great labor. And there are few men who have read his strong, sound, Saxon editorials, habitually, but have regretted the discontinuance of the paper which contained them.

Mr. WENTWORTH is a native of New Hampshire, of the town of Sandwich, Carroll Co., and was born March 5th, 1815. His native home was one where work was the only recreation. And he early learned to work, and has not since forgotten his early life or forsaken his early habits. His father farmed it; and LONG JOHN was educated a farmer—was forced from the plow, reluctantly, and sent to school. He taught and attended school and labored on the farm alternately, until 1832, when he entered Dartmouth College; and graduated in 1836. On the 3d of October, of the same year, he left his father's house, in New Hampshire, with about $100 in his pocket, to go out in the world and make his fortune. Without giving the details of his trip, it is sufficient for the writer's purpose to say that he reached Chicago the 25th of October. Less than one month after, on the 23d of November, his name appeared as editor of the Chicago *Democrat*. In a short time he had an opportunity to purchase it; did so, and in three years, by his own unaided industry, economy, and perseverance, he had paid $2,800 for the establishment, and it was his. Since that time, he has been a member of Congress from this district ten years, and a Mayor of Chicago two years; and is reputed to be among the wealthiest men we have here. He is now attend-

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ing to and arranging his private business with a view of spending some time in Europe.

Mr. Wentworth's history teaches the value of fixed habits of industry; the success which follows self-denial, economy, and perseverance. So far as material acquisitions are concerned, Mr. Wentworth has been successful; and his success as a politician has not been secured by any truckling practices. He has adhered, or seemed to adhere consistently to what he believed right.

So much about "Long John's" history and character. Physically he is "long." He is the tallest man in this "tall" city, if not in the State. He is about six feet and a half high, and will weigh two hundred and twenty-five or thirty pounds. Of course he is a *marked* man wherever he goes. He is a remarkable man, physically and mentally. Few men in the West have a higher reputation for clear, practical comprehension of current practical or political matters.

THE SUMMIT FARM.

This farm lies about twelve miles south-west of Chicago, on the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad. It consists of about 1,800 acres, and lies on either side of a high sandy ridge, stretching each way, north and south of it, embracing broad reaches of low prairie, which are now the grazing fields of the herds, and are to become the finest tame grass lands, or fields for root or corn culture, when properly drained. This farm is a new one, comparatively, and the history of the original purchase and subsequent growth is an amusing one, as related to me by Mr. W.

In 1855, at a Canal sale, Mr. W. purchased one section of land, without even seeing it. He paid $13 per acre. At that time it was lying in common, as was nearly the whole of his present farm. Upon going to see it sometime afterward, he had to employ a neighboring Dutchman to go and find the corners of it. It appears that Mr. W.'s farm is now bounded on the West by the line dividing governmental ranges twelve and thirteen. At the time of the first purchase, the aforesaid Dutchman owned west from this line, while Wentworth's section was located a mile east of it. (The line ran north and south.) The Dutchman proposed to Long John, to purchase all the land lying east of said range line, and he (the Dutchman,) would help him do it, if Long John would help the Dutchman purchase all west of said line. The agreement was, that then, if the Dutchman's cattle went over the range line towards the east, Wentworth was to set his dogs upon them; and if Wentworth's cattle trespassed over the west side of the line, the Dutchman and his dogs would become active. This would prevent all litigation and all necessity for arbitration. The idea of fences did not occur in those days, to this monopolizing Dutchman who entertained the modest idea that he and Wentworth could own all the land adjoining them and never fence it — and that cattle were to be trained by the use of a dog to a strict regard for and reverence of an imaginary line.

Well! They succeeded for a while in this operation. Wentworth had a monopoly of both sides of the road, over two miles towards the east from the range line, and the Dutchman had got about half as far westward from it, when he died, leaving a large family with sufficient personal means to keep the landed estate unsold, until the youngest (now 5 years old,) shall become of age. Had the old Dutchman lived, his being the cheap end of the range, the neighbors say he would have aimed, without doubt, to have bought to the Mississippi; while Wentworth, on the more expensive end, would have been buying into Lake Michigan. What Death did in defeating the plans of one of these parties, high taxes has done to those of the other; and we reckon that Long John has no ambition to own more land.

Mr. Wentworth's farm is all fenced. The ridge, or Summit before spoken of, divides it about equally. This ridge is high above the city, and affords a fine view of it. The waters which fall here flow from the one side of this Summit to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the other to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The location is a fine one. Springs furnish living water at the base of the ridge and convenient to the barns and pastures. The variety of soil is sufficient to insure variety of product. Pears, plums, and cherries, apples, grapes and quinces, thrive on the ridge and there have been large plantations made. Mr. W. has planted evergreen and deciduous trees in great numbers, in belts along the street and about his fruit orchards. He speaks in high terms of the way Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, "do up" things —called the writer's attention to a lot of five hundred evergreens he had received from them, and only one of them dead. Such is the reputation men get who are *careful* in all the details of their business. About 400 acres of this farm is cultivated. The system of culture adopted is simply one by which he hopes to get his large area in tame grasses as soon as possible — one which provides plenty of food for his herds of cattle and swine, flocks of sheep, and droves of horses. Corn, oats, carrots, mangel wurzel, Jerusalem artichokes, and sunflower seed, with large crops of tame upland prairie hay, are the staple crops. But little (if any) grain is sold. No effort is made for a show, except in the footing up of the ledger. But few men are hired by the month. The hay is gathered by men who camp out on the meadows, board themselves, cut, cure, and deliver the hay at the stack for $1.75 per ton. Each load is drawn on the scales, weighed, inspected, and credited to the party delivering it. This simplifies the machinery and system of farm management. Jobbing is the practice here. He finds that men work better, give better satisfaction and are better suited themselves, when they are masters of their own time. The contracts made with these men are specific in every detail; the work must be done as specified in the contract, to the letter, or there is no hope of reward or remuneration, whatever. If promptly and well done, the cash is forthcoming at once. When this is the case, men work willingly and cheap. An intelligent supervision of all the work going on, is entrusted to a competent man. It is true this way of getting work done is not always practicable; but here, near the city, where there is generally plenty of help, it succeeds well.

THE FARM BUILDINGS AT THE SUMMIT.

Said His Lengthiness to the writer, "I have not yet determined where I will permanently build on my farm. Sometime, I intend to build me a permanent home here, and erect buildings that shall be models. But now, I am only doing things in a preliminary way. I keep plenty of lumber, nails, handsaws and hammers at the farm, and when there is need of more stalls for the horses, or cattle, or shelter for sheep, or sties for swine, why, there is the material and there are the tools,—my men must make them. And they do. There is plenty of good, cosey, comfortable, convenient stabling here for all the stock. His English herdsman, "Henry," is faithful and true, and looks after all the stock interests. Mr. Cook, with his family, live at the Summit, board such help as it is necessary to keep continuously, and Mr. C. is general farm overseer. Mr. W. has an office here, in which no man enters. It contains a stove, a camp bedstead on which he sleeps when at the farm, a chair or two, and a desk or secretary, in which are his stock records, &c. The grounds and buildings are kept neat and tidy, and sheltered by the oak grove in which they are situated. They form a pleasant home for man and beast in summer and winter. The flower garden is not neglected, and in a melange of costly plants and flowering shrubs, affording bloom and fragrance in bountiful profusion. There seems to be no effort to display taste in any of the surroundings or operations here. There is material enough for beautifying the grounds, and that which cost much, but no educated gardener has planted it. The visitor, therefore, who follows the writer, need not look for anything "stunning" in the way of systematic ornature; but he may look for a most irregular massing of many very fine things, without regard to outline or feature.

FOWLS AT THE SUMMIT.

The first thing which impresses the visitor to the farm yard here, is, the innumerable fowls of all sorts, and sizes which seem to constitute a happy family. Mixed with them is a round, smooth, white Suffolk pig or two, and two or three pet South-Downs. We talked fowls a little with Mr. W., and here is what he said.

Geese.—"Of all the geese I have ever had, I like the large *White Bremen* best. They are decidedly the best breeders and the best eaters. They are quiet and docile, large and desirable."

Mr. W.'s stock was obtained of Col. Jacques, near Boston. He has also a pair of *Toulouse* geese, which he says were highly recommended to him. But he says the eggs were ruined by a thunder storm. The writer opened his eyes and mouth and looked inquiringly at Mr. W. Seeing our puzzlement, he said — "Well, I don't know nothing about it; but I know the eggs didn't hatch, and I was told that a heavy thunder storm which occurred about the time the goose was setting, destroyed them."

It may be true that such causes produce such results; does any one know anything about it? It is a new phase of philosophy to the writer.

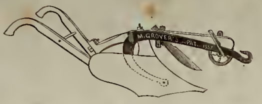
Ducks.—We found here the large *Black Cayuga* Ducks. They breed well, eat well, and are eatable. Mr. W. says one aged fat duck can be made to weigh seven or eight pounds. With a quantity of geese, Mr. W. once sent in to Drake, the caterer for the Tremont house, in this city, some of these fattened ducks. Sometime after the fowls had been delivered by his man, Mr. Wentworth met Mr. Drake and said, "Well, Drake, how did the fowls suit?—Weren't they nice?" "Splendid," was the reply, "but some of those *geese* were rather small." "Why, you," said W. "Those *small geese* were nothing but ducks!—a *Drake* who can't tell a *duck* from a goose!" — and there was ha! ha!-ing all around.

Hens—*Black Spanish*. There are other kinds of fowls kept here, but the Black Spanish are kept purely as layers. They surpass in this respect all other breeds. Those who keep them must not think of raising chickens. Other fowls must be kept to hatch and rear the Black Spanish chicks. They commence early in the spring and lay right along like a duck. They lay anywhere, without a nest egg. They lay until the last of summer constantly, when they seek the most secluded spot in the vicinity, lay about a dozen eggs and sit on them. Mr. W. says his experience is that they will not sit before July, if left to follow their own inclination. The practice at Summit is, to buy in the Chicago market a couple dozen hens and sit them on the Black Spanish eggs. The Black Spanish make good mothers if let alone; they are as wild as hawks when sitting. Shut them up as soon as they hatch a brood, and there is no trouble. They are cross, as mothers, and would doubtless scold if they could. It is not best, however, to let them sit unless they "steal their nest." Mr. W. says they shut up nine hens in a new barn, and they averaged seven eggs per day through the week. They do a big egg manufacturing business.

Turkeys—There are scores of them here. Mr. W. said he had the largest kind (he thought) but having heard of a larger, he ordered some of them. He is now breeding the large *Bronze Turkey*. He makes them weigh, when fat, 25 or 30 pounds each. He is improving his old stock by crossing these Bronze gobblers on the females of his smaller kind.

Mr. W. changes his male animals every two or three years. He has the present year made changes of males in every family of fowls and animals he has on his place. He believes this practice essential to success in breeding. So do most people, if the changes are judiciously made. And the good effect of such changes is nowhere more marked than in the case of fowls. Mr. W. gave me the name of a farmer in Lee County, who keeps a large number of hens— who lives on eggs and fowls — who substitutes fowls for swine, and lets them follow the cattle and eat the scattered corn, as Isaac Funk allows his swine to follow and feed after his cattle. This man thinks the fowls more profitable than the swine, less trouble, and the food they afford infinitely better in all respects. The writer intends to visit said fowl feeder.

— Further Notes on this subject next week.



GROVER'S PATENT SWING PLOW-BEAM ATTACHMENT,

FOR DRAWING PLOWS OF ALL VARIETIES.

The above engraving represents an improvement in the manner of drawing plows, by which the ordinary draft is materially lessened — from 25 to 33 per cent., according to various tests with the Dynamometer. It has been introduced to some extent in Northern Ohio, by Messrs. Alling & Co., of East Townsend, Huron Co., Ohio — also in Erie and Tompkins counties in this State—and highly approved wherever used. We attended a trial of this improvement a few days ago, on the farm of Mr. Abner Wakelee, near this city, and were much pleased with its operation. The plow to which it was attached worked admirably — the draft being 33 per cent. less than that of a Cayuga Co. Plow, as tested by a Dynamometer, the width and depth of furrow being equal. Two horses were used on the plow having the attachment, while three were required for the Cayuga Co. Aside from the great gain in draft, the plow with the swing beam is held very easily — in fact, needs hardly any guide, except in turning, as we can attest from our own holding.

We think the improvement a most valuable one, and as it can be readily attached to almost every variety of plows, see no good reason why it should not meet great favor from the agricultural public. The dark line in our illustration represents the Draft Beam attachment, which has a vertical motion. The following description of the improvement has been furnished us by Messrs. Alling & Co., the proprietors and manufacturers:

"This improvement consists in the use of a curved wrought iron draft beam, hinged in between the land-side and the mold board, as far forward as possible, and within about 2½ inches of the bottom, where it is attached by a pin passing through the land-side, and extending from that point forward over the mold-board by the side of a short wooden beam to the end thereof, where it passes through a slot affixed to near the end of said wood beam and terminates in a hook for the attachment of the team, as seen in the above cut. By this arrangement the draft is taken from the point of resistance, (viz., within about 2½ inches of the bottom,) straight to the horses' shoulders, and preserved from that point under every change of the size of teams, depth of cut, or inequalities of surface. The long sought-for *center-draft principle* is also secured, (both sidewise and perpendicular,) and maintained under every contingency incident to plowing, without the use of draft rods, adjusting clevises or anything of the kind. By means of this arrangement and application of power, any and all variety of plows can be worked at a saving of strength to both man and beast of nearly one-third; or, in other words, two horses can work a plow in this mode as easily as three horses can draw the same plow in the ordinary way — as attested by many farmers who have become thoroughly acquainted with its operation and advantages — and we fearlessly challenge the world to produce its equal.

Further information relative to this improvement, and the sale of rights, may be obtained by addressing William Alling, Rochester, N. Y., or Messrs. Alling & Co., as above.

* * *

The Bee-Keeper.

Wintering Bees, &c.

Being a subscriber of your paper, and knowing its columns are always open to inquiries, I take the liberty to make a few. I wish to inquire of some of the celebrated bee-keepers how I shall keep my bees this winter in a cellar, or dry room, aside from the apiary. What I wish to know is, how I shall keep them secure without stopping up the entrances into the hives so as to smother them, and to prevent their coming out on warm days. Last winter I put them into a room and darkened it as much as possible, but when a warm day came they would crawl out, and failing to find their way back, a great many were destroyed. My hives are of the old square box make, one foot inside, with two apertures in front for the bees to enter by—one near the bottom, and the other about half the distance from the bottom to the top; another in the top for ventilation, and for putting on caps for surplus honey. Would it answer to put tin, with holes in, over these apertures, or would there be danger of their breath congealing and stopping up the holes, thereby smothering the bees? The bees in this section have done rather poorly in the way of swarming and making surplus honey. Out of my entire stock only one swarm sent out young stock, and I think there must of course be no addition of one or more swarms in each hive. What is the prospect of such living through the winter? They appear strong and healthy now, and the hives are heavy as though they had plenty of honey, weighing, I should judge, from 50 to 75 lbs. and upwards. Will a sulphur match burned under a hive kill the miller worm, after removing the bees to another box or hive? Will different writers give their experience, if any they have, in bee hunting, and the "modus operandi."—S. A. P., *Sheridan, Oct. 29th*, 1861.

We have wintered bees in a cellar and without the least difficulty, and never knew them to leave the hive. A piece of wire cloth, such as is used for sieves, may be placed over the entrance. When wintered out of doors, all but one entrance should be closed, and that made quite small. Then cover the holes in the honey-board with straw, or remove it altogether and supply its place with a straw covering. This practice is desirable in all cases in winter, as it allows the moisture to pass off without a current of air, as would be the case if the holes in the honey-board were left open. Your hives from which swarms did not issue will contain only one swarm, and may not be stronger at present than though a swarm had issued early in the season.

Cause and Effect.—Age of Bees.—Hives.

There is no effect without a preceding cause. When an effect is discovered, an inquiring mind naturally searches for the cause which produces it. Though the true cause may usually be assigned, yet it cannot be denied that the cause assigned may sometimes be an erroneous one. This has a direct application to the science of bee culture. After much careful thought, I have come to the conclusion that many of the so called "mysteries" appertaining to bees would become settled *facts* were the *causes* producing *effects* carefully traced.

In the Rural of Nov. 2, I find an article in regard to the "*Age of Bees*," copied from the *London Field*. There was once a time when articles in regard to bees could be copied into all our various journals without being subject to criticism; but that time having now passed, I trust I may be indulged in a few criticisms on the article referred to.

It appears that the writer of said article has made a wonderful discovery, having ascertained (?) that the worker honey bee will live at least a year! He says that in July, 1860, he gave to each of two native colonies of bees an Italian queen; and that on the 16th of September, 1861, there were still remaining many native bees, and, therefore, concludes they must be at least a year old. That many *native* bees were found at the time stated, is not at all improbable, but that they were *a year old* is very improbable. Native bees being found at the time stated, is simply the *effect* of some *cause*. The writer in the *London Field* evidently assigns as the cause the *age of the bees*. This is one of the cases of a wrong cause being assigned. Now, let me assign a cause, which I have no doubt is the right one. The queens he speaks of as being given to the native colonies were probably pure Italian or Ligurians, as he terms them. Now, if they were fertilized by pure Italian drones, their progeny would be pure Italian. If, on the other hand, they were fertilized by *native* drones, part of their progeny may be apparently purely of the Italian, and a part purely of the *native* race, while a portion may be hybrids. The writer in the *London Field* makes no mention of the characteristics of the markings of the progeny of the queens he speaks of. I presume that, were the facts known, those queens were fertilized by *native drones*. Then the true cause to be assigned for the presence of native bees at the time specified, is what may be termed *impure queens*. The idea that bees live a year is an erroneous one. Bees do not live in the *working* season, on an average, only about *one hundred days*. During winter, while in a dormant state almost, they may live five or six months. I have a colony of Italians that were purely native the middle of July last. The Italian queen was then introduced, and in *sixty days* from that time there were no native bees in the hive! On the other hand the Italians were in abundance. This is the shortest time of a native colony of bees being Italianized that I have heard of; it usually requires about *one hundred days* in the *working* season.

The writer in the *London Field* speaks of *stupefying* his bees. He does this, it appears, for the purpose of performing necessary operations. There is no necessity, in my opinion, for *stupefying* bees for any purpose whatever. All necessary operations can readily be performed by having complete control of the contents of the bee-hive. This control is given to hives properly provided with movable comb frames. Movable comb frame hives are absolutely necessary in order to propagate the Italians, or natives, with rapidity and success. M. M. Baldridge.

Middleport, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1861.

Rural Notes and Items.

The Season — *Prepare for Winter*.—The weather continues extraordinary for mildness of temperature. As we write (Nov. 12,) the temperature of the "sanctum" is 60, with no fire, (good for us, but bad for the coal dealers,) while of course out door operations are carried on comfortably, the atmosphere being as warm, and the ground as free from frost, as in May. Up to this date we have had no snow in this region, and but one hard frost. But, as Winter is coming on apace, we must ere long have *seasonable*, Almanac weather, and it behooves all to prepare for the change, which will probably prove sudden and severe. Those who have not "made ready" should do so at once. The harvesting and storing of corn and roots, the preparation of sheds or other suitable protection for stock, the securing of a good supply of fuel and various other matters, are requisite to a successful entrance upon the Winter Campaign. And when the physical wants and comforts of their households, and flocks and herds, are duly provided for, Rural readers will of course give thought and attention to the mental requisites of themselves and the various members of the family circle. The District School, the Farmers' Club, the Lyceum, &c., are important instrumentalities when properly conducted, and sustained, as they should be, by all good citizens. Good books and periodicals are essential to the improvement and entertainment of the family during the long evenings and leisure of winter, and every husband and father should see that they are provided. A careful and liberal selection of mental food will prove a wise and dividend paying investment.

* * *

The High Freights Injure Western Farmers.—Our Cincinnati, Chicago, and other Western exchanges, say the high freights are producing great discouragements among the farmers, especially in Illinois and Iowa. They very justly complain about the low prices of grain, occasioned by the exorbitant freights now charged by lake and canal forwarders. The fact that the Mississippi is closed is one great reason assigned. Were it not for the great depression in prices caused by the onerous freights, Western farmers would realize handsome dividends from the present brisk foreign demand for American breadstuffs. The price of corn is so low, however, that a prominent Iowa business man avers that ear corn is actually *the cheapest fuel to be found there*, and it is being used as a substitute for wood. The following table shows what it costs to purchase a bushel of corn in the center of the State of Illinois and land it at the port of Liverpool—the figures (which don't lie) proving that the first cost is but a trifle compared with that of transportation:

	Cents.
One bushel corn	10
Freight to Chicago	11
Storage	2
Lake freight to Buffalo	22
Elevating at Buffalo	½
Canal freight to New York	18½
Transfer in New York	1
Insurance from Chicago to Liverpool	2
Ocean freight	23
Cost of corn in Liverpool	90

* * *

Rural Items.—*Sorghum Culture* has proved very successful in Ohio and the West this season—of which fact we are reminded by receiving, from Mr. Pruden Alling, of Norwalk, Ohio, a very fine sample of Sorghum sirup. A friend at our elbow suggests that if such products are increased by the war, we can truly say "sweet are the uses of adversity."——*The Grain at Buffalo* is immense the present season. The receipts of grain, and of flour reduced to wheat, already exceed fifty-five million bushels; and it is estimated that the receipts at that port for the entire season will not be less than sixty million bushels!——*The Potato Rot* is prevailing in Indiana and some other parts of the West, as well as in this region.——*Fast Horses* are those "trotted out" by Bonner, of the great love and murder story paper, the other day—for, according to a New York daily, they made the extraordinary time of 2.27, which is said to be "the fastest time ever made by any pair of horses in the world."——*A Fatal Animal Epidemic* is destroying thousands of horses, cattle, and sheep in Russia. In districts near St. Petersburgh, it is said as many as 4,400 horses, 890 cows, and 318 sheep have fallen within two months, and the disease is severe in more remote districts.——*A Bee-Keepers' Convention* is to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on Thursday next (Nov. 21st.)——*The Ohio State Board of Agriculture* holds its next annual meeting at Columbus, on the 4th of December ensuing.——*Two Large Turnips* have been sent us by some unknown friend. One of them (a ruta baga) weighs 14½ lbs., and the other (white) 15½ lbs., exclusive of leaves.——*The Nut Crop* of Pennsylvania is very abundant this year. The lofts of country stores are said to be "groaning" with the weight of "shellbarks," which sell at 80c. to $1.25 per bushel—while chestnuts, which are equally plenty, sell in the country for $1.50 per bushel.——*The Weather in England* has been remarkably mild during autumn, as in this country,—the prolongation of summer producing singular effects, such as the budding and blooming of trees and bushes, and the forming of apples and pears on trees which had previously yielded good crops.——*The Manual of Agriculture* (advertised in this paper,) is issued in good style and under favorable auspices. We have received a copy from the publishers, and will notice in a future number.——*The Times are Improving*—For evidence, vide the advertisements in this paper. Read them, and see if you may not be benefited by action thereupon.

* * *

Hops.—The *Cooperstown Republican* of the 31st ult. reports trade inactive. Some prime lots have been purchased recently of growers at 14½ to 16½ cents. The bulk of the crop remains in growers' hands, and they begin to show some disposition to sell. The quality generally is not fully up to the usual standard — the best will sell readily, but there are a great many lots that will go begging for customers on account of poorness of quality.

— A private letter from London, dated 12th ult., reports their market dull, with a decline of 15 to 20 shillings per cwt. New Belgians are selling at £5 to £5.15s per cwt., duty paid.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Manual of Agriculture—Swan, Brewer & Tileston
Olmsted's New Work—Mason Brothers
Carpets—Howe & Rogers
Prince Albert's Windsor Pigs—L. Mason, Jr.
Choice Poultry for Sale—Sanford Howard.
Pear Seedlings, &c—N. R. & M. H. Willson
Falley Seminary—John P. Griffin
Delaware Vines—Daughaday & Rennison
Long-Wool Bucks—John Britteridge
Hawthorn Seed—W. M. Beauchamp
Poultry for Sale—John R. Page
Farm for Sale—E. W. Mills & Co.

The News Condenser.

—John B. Gough has so far recovered that he is again lecturing.

—Saturday week there were 1,711 Federal prisoners at Richmond.

—Gen. Scott has been in almost constant service for fifty-three years!

—The colored refugees in Canada are leaving for Hayti in large numbers.

—Hon. R. H. Pruyn, of Albany, has been appointed United States Minister to Japan.

—The White House is undergoing extensive repairs, preparatory to the winter season.

—Garibaldi has accepted the honorary Presidency of the Genoese Typographical Association.

—The late rebel Consul at Havana has asked for his back salary. Secretary Seward has refused it.

—The New York metropolitan police system now reaches an expense of over two million dollars a year.

—Beauregard's official report of the battle of Manassas says 399 rebels were killed and 1,200 wounded.

—"Dutch Yankees" is the appellation which the rebels give to the German troops under Gen. Blenker.

—The subscriptions to the 7.30 per cent. Treasury notes now reach one million per day, from all sources.

—There has been another severe freshet in Chautauqua county, and a number of bridges were carried off.

—The Secretary of War, Mr. Cameron, has been on a tour of the fortifications at New York with Gen. Totten.

—The storm of Saturday week was very severe in some parts of Upper Canada. At Montreal there was snow.

—Gen. Siegel is so accustomed to make rapid movements that he is called in the West the "Flying Dutchman."

—It is said that not even the heads of bureaus in the Navy Department know where the naval expedition has gone.

—The Commissioner of Patents has refused to grant patents to citizens of Richmond, Va., who remain there.

—Two thousand six hundred and eighty-five prisoners have been taken to Richmond since the war commenced.

—The Charleston Mercury comes down on the rebel government for its failure to provide for its army in the field.

—About fifty students from the four college classes at Oberlin, or one-fourth of the whole, are now in the army.

—Rev. Charles White, D. D., President of Wabash College, Ind., died on Tuesday week. He was about 63 years of age.

—At Washington, wood is selling at $7 per cord and coal at $7 per ton, with an upward tendency for the latter article.

—Col. W. B. Grover, who was dangerously wounded in the battle of Lexington, Mo., died in St. Louis on Wednesday week.

—Col. Lewis T. Wigfall, late Senator from Texas, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier General of the Confederate army.

—The Southern people are quite indignant at the fact of the Comte de Paris having volunteered in the United States army.

—Among the latest counterfeits issued, are $3's on the Merchant's Bank of Albany, and $1's on the Seneca County Bank.

—The Pittsburg Chronicle says that more than 12,000 gallons of wine have been made this year in Allegheny Co., Pennsylvania.

—The Union men, after the battle of Fredericktown, Mo., buried 238 of Jeff Thompson's rebels, whose bodies were left upon the field.

—The Cortland county regiment has seven clergymen. Two of them are captains, four are subordinate officers, and one is a private.

—Wm. Beatty & Son, of Springfield, Delaware Co., Penn., have an order from Government for about 30,000 axes, for the use of the army.

—The storm and gale of Saturday week resulted in the highest flood that has happened in the neighborhood of New York since 1839.

—The Chicago Tribune says that some New York capitalists are in that city preparing to establish a bank, with a capital of a million dollars.

—There have been 96,993 barrels of coal oil transported over the Pennsylvania railroads to an Eastern market during the last nine months.

—Isaac G. and Susan A. Williamson, of Wiscasset, Maine, lost, by diptheria, in the short space of six days, their entire family of five children.

—The French have got into trouble with the government of Hawaii, and their commissioners were said to have demanded their passports.

—Southern papers giving an account of the battle near Leesburg have been received. They report the rebel loss at 800 killed and wounded.

—A Saxon Princess, who refused the hand of the first Napoleon, is now living at Dresden. She is over 83 years old, and has never married.

—A scout returned from Virginia states that Beauregard's army lying between Fairfax and Centreville is 100,000 strong, with 200 pieces of artillery.

—Experiments with steam canal boats on the Susquehanna canal, Penn., the past season, show a saving of 23 per cent. compared with mule power.

—Lieut. Joel McGregory, the last of the N. H. Revolutionary pensioners, died in Newport, N. H., Oct. 31st, aged 100 years, 11 months, and 9 days.

—The cost of telegraphic dispatches to San Francisco is immense. For ten words or under, $6.96 is charged, and 63 cents for each additional word.

—The Jamaica (West Indies) Watchman says the cultivation of cotton is engaging the attention of a great many persons in all parts of that island.

—In Skaneateles, N. Y., a "Soldiers' Knitting Society" has been established, the ladies of the town meeting once a week to knit stockings for our troops.

—Missouri is one of the largest States in the Union. Its territory exceeds in extent the six New England States and the State of Delaware combined.

—The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, N. H., have just filled an order given by the Russian Government for a first-class fire steamer.

—The Count de Sayre, lineal descendant of Count Rochambeau, of American Revolution fame, has tendered his military services to the President.

—Those who are well acquainted with Sam Houston say that the letter purporting to be written by him, giving in his adhesion to the rebels, is a forgery.

—The Cazenovia Republican says that diptheria prevails to considerable extent at De Ruyter and in that vicinity, and in many instances with great fatality.

—Sarah Jackson, a colored woman, died in Troy on Thursday week. She was born in Albany, March 8th, 1762, and was therefore in the 100th year of her age.

—The volcano of Chillan in the Andes has recently broken out. The explosions and streams of lava can be perceived with the naked eye at a distance of 90 miles.

—The Norfolk (Va.) Daybook mentions a rumor that Beauregard had resigned, and also publishes a dispatch from Richmond mentioning a similar rumor there.

—It is said that sweet potatoes raised in Connecticut are equal to the New Jersey potato, and it is the intention of cultivators to experiment more extensively next year.

HORTICULTURAL.

STEALING FRUIT.

A CORRESPONDENT asks how this practice, so common among boys and even men, who should know better, is to be corrected. We know of no speedy remedy. It will require time to correct the evil and educate the people to respect the rights of the fruit grower, and to realize that property in fruit or flowers is as sacred as any other species of property. The difficulty is not, we think, in a disposition to pilfer, but is the result of thoughtlessness and ignorance. He who grows fruit and understands the value cultivators often put upon single specimens, may be trusted anywhere in the garden, and nothing of value will be touched. The owner may even give him permission to help himself freely, but he knows too much to touch rare specimens, while enough can be obtained of varieties that are abundant. But no one would think of giving such permission to persons ignorant of fruit culture. A child that has been brought up in a garden may be trusted anywhere, while one who has never had this privilege will need constant watching, or it will do mischief through ignorance and thoughtlessness.

In a country where fruit is abundant, the evil is not serious, while in a place almost destitute of fruit, the apple trees will be stripped of their fruit before maturity. Well kept gardens and orchards have a tendency to check fruit stealing. If a garden or orchard looks deserted, as if no one cared for it, few would feel repugnance at entering and taking a little fruit; but where everything is kept tidy, showing that the owner takes an interest and a pride in his trees, no one would enter without permission, except such desperate characters as would feloniously enter the house. A house may stand well cared for for twenty years, and no one will injure it; but let it remain unoccupied and apparently neglected, and every thoughtless boy is ready to throw a stone at the windows.

The only remedy, therefore, that we can suggest, is to encourage the cultivation of fruit, and to show to every passer-by that we value the products of our orchards and gardens. It will be well to obtain all necessary laws for protection, and these in some cases it may be wise to enforce. At the same time we believe that thoughtlessness and ignorance are the cause of most of the difficulty, and not a deliberate intent to trespass upon the rights of others. As the first step in the remedy for this crying evil, we would have all parents and teachers impress the fact upon the minds of those under their charge that fruit stealing is *stealing* as much as the stealing of money, or any other article.

Where fruit is the most *scarce*, fruit thieves are the most *plenty*. Boys like fruit, and unless they can get it at home, they are strongly tempted to get it elsewhere. Those parents who pray daily, "deliver us from temptation," should take pains to deliver their children from this great temptation to sin by providing them plenty of good fruit at home. We have thought that some parents calculate on having their boys steal what fruit they need, as they make not the least effort to supply this want, although possessing every facility. If every one who has the ground would plant fruit trees, our orchards and gardens would be far less frequently visited by thievish boys. Then learn the boys to plant and cultivate trees for themselves, and when they learn the care that is required to grow fruit, they will not be apt to trespass upon their neighbors; besides, it will identify them with the suffering class—the fruit cultivators.

The fruit stealing of Europe is of a character entirely different. There persons take not a little for consumption, but for sale, the same as they would rob a store. In England, almost every respectable fruit garden is surrounded with high walls or fences, capped with iron spikes, and in addition to this, conspicuously posted at every corner may be seen a notice that "*all trespassers will be prosecuted according to law*," or oftener, that "*steel traps and spring guns*" are set in the grounds for the especial benefit of all fruit stealers.

We give a spirited engraving from an English Horticultural Journal, showing the difficulties that sometimes attend fruit stealing in that country. With the bull in the field, the watch dogs in the yard, the water in the pond, the steel traps in the garden, and the spikes on the fence, the transgressor seems surrounded with difficulties. We wish that every fruit stealer would find himself in such a dilemma.

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THE QUALITIES OF FRUITS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Each great family into which our fruits are divided, possesses characteristics belonging almost exclusively to themselves. Different acids predominate in fruits, as, for instance, the malic in the apple, tartaric in the grape, citric in the lemon, and so on through the catalogue. Although it is not positively necessary that we should know the names of these acids, or the other ingredients which go to make up that peculiarity which we term a good quality, it becomes important, in the present advanced state of fruit culture, that we should know the peculiarities of each class, so that we may speak understandingly of a variety, and place it in its proper position. When a variety is called good, or very good, are we to understand by these terms that it has a particular taste or odor which is agreeable to a few or many? or is it because it possesses a richness of flavor, or a body that is not to be found in ordinary varieties of the same family?

To better illustrate this point, let us examine the grape, the most important ingredients of which are sugar, gluten, and tartaric acid. Now it must be apparent to every one, that if these ingredients are abundant in the fruit, it certainly must be richer, and of a higher quality, than if there was a deficiency. If we wish to make a good glass of lemonade, we use plenty of sugar and lemon, for a little of each will not do it. So it is with the grape; a little sugar and a little acid will not make a grape of high quality. It requires but a small quantity of sugar to sweeten a glass of water, but add to it the juice of lemon, and it will take a considerable quantity to make it sweet. Our old acquaintance, the Isabella grape, is thought to be in some localities a very fine fruit—and doubtless it is, for there is, perhaps, no native variety that is so much affected by soil or location as this, or one that exhibits so wide a difference in quality. Therefore it is not strange that there should be such diverse opinions in regard to it; but in its greatest perfection it possesses tartaric acid and sugar only in very small quantities. So weak is its juice that no drinkable wine can be made from it in this section of the country, without the addition of some foreign substance, and then it is no longer wine, but cordial, liquor, or whatever name fancy may apply to it.

When we taste of a fruit for the purpose of learning its goodness, it should be with a desire of knowing what its qualities are, if any, that would entitle it to be placed in the list of good varieties. The question to be decided is, does it possess an abundance of saccharine matter? or does that sweetness which pleases the palate for the moment appear to be there because there is no acid or other ingredient to neutralize it? We fear that this is the case with many of our sweet grapes; and that is the reason why they cloy the appetite but do not satisfy. If a fruit tastes sour, it is not always because it possesses but little sugar, but it is, in some instances, because the acid predominates. We cannot better illustrate this point than by referring to the Isabella and Catawba grapes, as we find them in their most perfect state in this vicinity.

The Catawba will, as a general thing, be pronounced the most acid; yet when the juice is expressed, it will show by the saccharometer, or by distillation, to contain fifty per cent. more sugar than the Isabella. And further, it contains more tartaric acid, and it will make wine, which the Isabella will not do; for it is so deficient in both tartaric acid and sugar, that its juice undergoes the acetic fermentation, and soon changes to vinegar, instead of remaining wine. These principles exist in all of the varieties of the grape, (as well as in other fruits,) and we should endeavor to guard against being deceived when tasting of a new variety. If it possesses any strong distinctive odor or taste, it will not become a general favorite. The peculiar odor of the wild Fox grape, or the sweet sickishness of Canby's August, would, if good in other respects, prevent them from being generally admired. Instead of a distinctive taste, there should be a general harmonizing of the many qualities.

The potato, when cooked, has the least taste of any of the cultivated vegetables; yet it is the greatest favorite, and the most valuable to mankind. Wheat has the least distinctive taste of all the cereals; yet it is the most generally admired, and by all people of every civilized nation.

That we have a few native grapes that approach a perfection of qualities in their fruit, no one who has investigated the subject will doubt; but we need more of them, and it is indispensable to the future well-being of pomology that the best and most perfect varieties should be widely disseminated, so that the tastes of the people may be educated and brought up to as high a standard as possible.

Let a person once fully enjoy an abundance of a high-flavored fruit, and the desire for poor, weak-flavored varieties will be forever gone.

Brooklyn, (L. I.,) N. Y., 1861. A. S. FULLER.

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HERBACEOUS GRAFTING.

THIS mode of grafting (the *greffe herbacee* of the French) was known and practiced in the time of the *renaissance*. It was then forgotten or lost, and afterward, in the beginning of the present century, re-discovered by Baron Tschudy, and by him made public.

This mode of grafting belongs to the section of cleft grafting, the only difference between this and cleft grafting consisting in the one being performed on hard wood and the other on young or soft wood. In the spring, as soon as the young shoots have made about two-thirds of their growth, and can be broken like a piece of glass, is the time to perform the operation. The top of the plant to be grafted must be broken, not cut; this indicates just where the part of the shoot is fit to be grafted. In alternate leafed plants, the stock should be split about one inch below the third leaf; the graft must be cut in the shape of a wedge, and the top of the cut put just opposite the second leaf, and tied carefully with a piece of bast matting. A cone of paper is then put over the whole to protect the graft from the sun and rain. If the plants operated on are in pots, it will be best to put them in a frame, well sheltered from the sun. In about two weeks the papers should be opened at the top, and from time to time light and air admitted, to harden them off gradually. The papers may be taken away immediately after the ligatures are loosened, and the two portions of the stock above the graft severed at once.

In this way Tomatoes have been grafted upon Potatoes, Melons upon Cucumbers, Globe Artichoke upon Carduus lanceolatus, etc. I have myself grafted many thousands of hardy Azaleas upon Azalea Pontica with perfect success. All the Pinus can be grafted in this way with wonderful success. M. Boisdivers, late conservateur of the forest of Fontainebleau, had many thousand Pine trees grafted every year in this way. The soil of the forest is a very poor one, consisting in great part of white sand, in which only a few dwarf trees and heath grow. The only kind of pine that will succeed in such a place is the Pinus sylvestris; all the other kinds, more valuable for their timber, can not be raised, in consequence of the aridity of the soil. Attempts made by him to graft the more useful kinds on the Pinus sylvestris were eminently successful.—CHARLES MORE *in Horticulturist.*

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GRAFTING THE VINE, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I purpose to give you a little of my experience in "grafting the vine." Last spring I took some well-rooted Isabella cuttings of the previous summer's growth, splice grafted them with scions of the Diana, placed them in boxes filled with earth, and set them in a warm room. They all soon came on finely, and have made a good growth this season. This was done about the first of March. I also grafted some vines about the middle of June; and of a dozen grafts set, only two have grown. The circumstances under which the operation was performed, were not at all favorable. The scions had started considerably, and the stalks into which they were inserted bled excessively, except two wild vines, in which the scions readily took, and these have made a large and vigorous growth. I grafted a very thrifty vine of the Northern Muscadine, which was in full bloom at the time, but it bled so copiously that the grafts could not take. This vine evidently bled several gallons. The flow of sap continued longer in grape vines this season than usual, owing probably to their late start in the spring. I should have deferred the operation until July, and retarded my scions by keeping them in an ice-house. I am fully convinced that the bleeding of the stalk when grafted, will prevent it, in every instance, from uniting with the scion. In my opinion, there are two periods of time in which the grafting of the vine, if the operation is carefully performed and the circumstances favorable, may be done with good success—March and July. But if done in March, the vines should be taken up, as this prevents bleeding, and put in pots or boxes filled with fine earth, and placed in a hot-house or warm room; because success in grape-grafting depends very much upon a quick start, which can only be attained by forcing.

I have discovered that the Delaware makes a more vigorous growth when grafted into the Isabella, than it does upon its own roots. I have a flourishing Delaware vine which was grafted into an Isabella, that is as vigorous and thrifty as any Isabella I have seen, and it is only the second summer's growth, and was grafted on a very small root. The Isabella is one of the best rooted grapes we have. I think the fruit of the Delaware, when grown upon the roots of the Isabella, will be finer and larger, though perhaps a little later, than when grown upon its own roots. S. FOREDAY.

Penn Yan, N. Y., 1861.

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AMERICAN GRAPES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A few years ago I should have objected very strongly to your remarks on American and Foreign grapes, in a recent number of the RURAL, but there has been such an improvement of late in the fruit, and perhaps some in my taste, that I do not know but it is now true that the mass of people will prefer native to foreign sorts, taking into consideration the difference in cost.

I was brought up where I could obtain plenty of Sweetwaters and Black Hamburgs, &c., and in 1833 first saw a *native American* grape. Happening to be taking a look at the New York markets in that year, I saw some strange yet rather fine looking grapes offered for sale, and purchased a bunch which I undertook to eat, but the first berry had the same effect as a dose of epicac. I suppose it was a regular fox. It was for years after that before I dared touch a *native* grape again, and even now when I eat a grape with a little too much of the foxy character, there is a strange revolting of the stomach.

The new American grapes, however, like the Delaware, and the Diana where it ripens, are not to be despised. Indeed, it will take but a little further progress before we shall be able to rival the choicest of foreign sorts. But, let us utterly condemn all attempts to impose upon the people worthless varieties with new and large names. The Delaware is as hardy as the hardiest, early, and productive, and no grape of inferior quality should receive a particle of favor at the hands of horticulturists.

Some who are cultivating poor grapes that everybody knows to be unfit for the table, are pretending that they are valuable for wine. This is not so. A grape must have plenty of sugar and a good flavor to be fit for wine. It may be somewhat acid, but with this acid must be a large amount of sugar.

VISITOR.

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Horticultural Notes.

FRUIT GROWING IN IOWA.—As western orchardists obtain more experience, they find the soil and climate far better adapted to fruit growing than many were at first disposed to believe. First failures are always discouraging, and reports of ill luck travel rapidly. W. G. CLARK, of Monroe county, Iowa, gives in the *Northwestern Farmer* the following account of his success at orcharding:

"From every quarter we hear the sad tale reiterated, that the past few winters have played great havoc among the orchard trees. This has not been the case with my trees; not one has died, and I have them planted three, six, and nine years. A few trees I set out three years ago, were cut off at the root by gophers, but none by severity of the winters. I am fully of the opinion that any of the seasons just passed would not destroy any of our trees, did we cultivate them as we ought—finish up the cultivation early—prior to the middle of July; after this time cease all cultivation, and let the growth check up, and wood ripen. There seems to be no crop so well adapted to do this as Indian corn. This requires to be cultivated early, thoroughly, and finished up early in July, if not before.

"Many persons who plant trees are inexperienced, and fail from want of knowledge. Some are careless, and heedless, and fail from neglect. One tends his trees for a few years pretty well, and then concludes he must sow the orchard to small grain, or perhaps seeds it down to Timothy and Red Top, or, leaves it to take care of itself. Wherever this is done, the trees soon begin to look poor and sickly, and dwindle and die. The owner then concludes this is no fruit country.

"I have never seen better trees, nor better apples, than I grow, and I have been in most of the Northern States. True, there are some varieties of the apple that seem better adapted to our soil and climate than others, and some varieties that do not come up to that standard of excellence here, that their reputation abroad would seem to warrant; while others even do better. I insist, that every farmer should plant fruit trees. If he cannot plant a hundred, plant what he can, but never plant a tree unless you intend to take good care of it. It requires but little time to take care of a hundred trees, after they are set out. A short time in the orchard occasionally, before breakfast, is no loss of time. Trimming should be done often, and when the limbs are small, that they may heal quick. I always carry a sharp knife in my pocket, and I always trim my trees at any time when the shape of the top seems to require it."

SINGLE AND DOUBLE PINKS.—It is stated in the Journal of the Paris Horticultural Society that an Italian cultivator, Signor Rigamonti, has discovered how to distinguish double from single pinks in the seedling state. It appears that this gentleman is a great grower of this class of florists' flowers, and he seldom raised more than 50 or 60 double sorts out of 1,500 or 2,000 seedlings; the consequence of which was the sacrifice of time and money to little purpose. Two years ago, looking over his bed of seedlings, he remarked that some had three leaves in a ring, while the rest as usual had but two. The three leaved plants were marked and watched. When they blossomed, every one had a good double flower, while all the others were single, or, in a few instances, semi-double. This mark Signor Rigamonti looks upon as infallible.

Nor is this all. He remarked the same peculiarity in his seedlings of Primula sinensis. Some had three leaves in a ring, others two; most had the leaves standing one over the other, as usual. These were divided into three sets, and when they flowered, the first lot were all double, the second semi-double, the third single.

This various observation, if confirmed by others, would seem to show that that tendency to alter the usual arrangement of organs, which results in the production of double flowers, is an inherent constitutional peculiarity pervading the system from the very first, and not a mere local disarrangement, as it may have seemed at first sight to be.

THE APPLE CROP IN WAYNE.—The Lyons *Republican* is informed by buyers of apples in Wayne county, that the apple crop for 1861, although larger than was anticipated, is not more than half of last year's yield. The high prices offered this year, however, will bring out nearly the entire crop, so that the shipments will amount to perhaps two-thirds of those of last year. Buyers are now paying $1.50 to $1.75 per barrel for apples.

TRANSPLANTING BEETS.—Last spring I sowed a bed of beets and they came up very thick, and also a bed of parsnips, but the seed was poor and failed to come up. I thought I would transplant a portion of the beets to the parsnip bed, and did so when they were about the size of a man's finger. At first I thought I should have my pains for nothing, for the tops wilted and dried up, but I watered them thoroughly and now they are among the largest in the garden—some six inches in diameter. Beets and other roots should not stand less than five inches apart to secure a good growth, and I think at this distance they would yield more per acre than if thicker.—D. C. G., *Sheridan, N. Y., Oct.*, 1861.

A NEW GIGANTIC LILAC.—In the last number of the *Flore des Serres*, M. VAN HOUTTE illustrates and describes a Lilac of prodigious size. According to the plate the huge and massive bunches are eleven inches long, of a most brilliant violet purple color, and they are still more remarkable for the firm texture and the rounded form of the blossoms. The *London Gardeners' Chronicle* says: "It must throw a florist into ecstacies when he finds that those 'properties of flowers' in which he so much delights, are assumed at last by the intractable Lilac. The name conferred upon this wonder is Dr. LINDLEY. It was raised by a M. DAGNEMONT, and is benevolently offered to the public from this present autumn."

COST OF BEAUTY.—There are persons who think that a house cannot be beautiful without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over a stump of the withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the scene and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you.

MUSCAT HAMBURG GRAPE.—A bunch from Mr. Bright, weighing two pounds, cut from a plant fifteen months old, from the eye. It is not so good in quality as the old Muscat of Alexandria, but is such a fine setter, and of so large a size and beautiful appearance, that we expect it to become a standard variety for cold vineries.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

PROTECTING WALL-FLOWERS.—The editor of the *Gardener's Monthly* says a friend protects Wall Flowers through the winter by bending down the plants and covering them with soil. This is a very simple method, and if effectual, it will encourage the growth of this beautiful flower.

LARGE PLUMS.—Seth Luelling, of "Milwaukee Nursery," placed on our table specimens of *Peach* Plums grown on a tree two years from the graft. Three of the plums weighed a small fraction less than half a pound, the largest being *seven* inches in circumference.—*Oregon Farmer.*

PUBLIC PARK IN KANSAS.—The City Council of Lawrence has made arrangements with Norman Allen, Esq., of that city, for a Public Park. He is to enter into bonds to give it a complete to the city in ten years.

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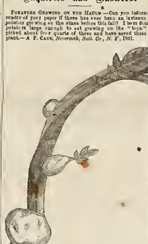
Inquiries and Answers.

POTATOES GROWING ON THE HAULM.—Can you inform a reader of your paper if there has ever been an instance of *potatoes* growing on the vines before this fall? I have found potatoes large enough to eat growing on the "tops." I picked about four quarts of them and have saved them to plant.—A. P. CASE, *Neversink, Sull. Co., N. Y.*, 1861.



In 1859 we had potatoes growing on the haulm, and published an engraving of a branch with the tubers attached, in the RURAL of August 6th, of that year. We have since produced the same result on several occasions, and give an engraving showing the potatoes as they grow on the stem. The leaf buds of the branches are changed to tubers, and as soon it will be seen the change is only partial, for the leaves and tubers are growing together. We have known many cases of the kind the present summer, and noticed similar accounts in the papers.

PLANTING ORCHARDS—LOCUST SEEDS.—Please state in the RURAL the best season to set out an orchard, and how much to trim the trees. Also, how to prepare Yellow Locust Seed to plant, and at what time to plant the same.—GILBERT KERR, *Buckhorn, Mo., Oct.* 28, 1861.

If we had the trees, we would plant out the orchard at once, but it will be too late to procure them for fall planting. You had better make your arrangements for trees as soon as convenient, and put them out as early in the spring as possible. Prune back the trees pretty close, especially if the roots are small or much injured, but on this point we can give no general rule. A little experience and good judgment is the best guide. As soon as you procure locust seed, put them in boxes of moist sand and allow them to remain out-of-doors, exposed to thawing and freezing, and plant in the spring. Some raise plants in a hot-bed and transplant when about two inches in height. This, we presume, is the most certain method.

HAWTHORN SEEDS AND PLANTS.—Can you or some of the numerous subscribers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER inform me through its columns where Hawthorn seed can be obtained, and at what price. I wish to know the best method of cultivating it, the best time for planting, and the best time for trimming. Perhaps the gentleman that wrote in the RURAL of October 5th, upon the growing of Hawthorn fences, can give the information wanted. How high will the Hawthorn grow? Will it shade so as to be injurious to meadows or crops?—D. N. KENNEDY, *Luzerne Co., Pa., Oct.* 20, 1861.

We cannot say where Hawthorn seed can be obtained, nor the price. There has been no demand, and but little seed has been grown, less saved, and none imported. The better way would be to obtain plants, as it requires some skill and time to grow them. The Hawthorn makes a small tree some fifteen or eighteen feet in height when set out singly, but a hedge should be kept down to five or six feet.

PLANT FOR NAME.—Please oblige me with the name of the inclosed shrub, through the RURAL.—GEO. S. CONOVER, *West Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., Nov.*, 1861.

Symphoricarpus vulgaris, sometimes called Indian Currant and Coral Berry.

Domestic Economy.

USE OF SWEET APPLES.

A SWEET apple, sound and fair, has a deal of sugar or saccharine in its composition. It is, therefore, nutritious; for sweet apples, raw, will fat cattle, horses, pigs, sheep and poultry. Cooked sweet apples will "fat" children, and make grown people *fleshy*—"fat" not being a polite word as applied to grown persons.

Children being more of the animal than "grown folks," we are not so fastidious in their classification. But to the matter in question. In every good farmer's house who has an orchard, baked sweet apples are an "institution" in their season. Everybody, from the toddling baby holding up by its father's knee—children are decidedly a household commodity—away back to "our revered grandmother" in her rocking chair, loves them.

No sweet-meat smothered in sugar is half so good; no aroma of dissolved confectionery is half so simple as the soft, pulpy flesh of a well-baked apple, of the right kind. It is good in milk, with bread. It is good on your plate, with breakfast, dinner or supper—we don't "take tea" at our house. It is good every way—"vehemently good," as an enthusiastic friend of ours once said of tomatoes.

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CUT OFF THE BACK LEGS OF YOUR CHAIRS.—I will tell you a secret worth knowing. A thousand things not worth half so much have been patented and elevated into a business. It is this:—If you cut off the back legs of your chairs, so that the back part of the seat shall be two inches lower than the front part, it will greatly relieve the fatigue of sitting, and keep your spine in much better shape. The principal fatigue in sitting comes from your sliding forward, and thus straining the ligaments and muscles in the small of the back. The expedient I have advised will obviate this tendency, and, as I have suggested, add greatly to the comfort and healthfulness of the sitting position. The front edge of a chair should not be more than fifteen inches high, for the average man, nor more than fourteen for the average woman. The average chair is now seventeen inches high for all, which no amount of slanting in the seat can make comfortable.—*Lewis' Gymnasium.*

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APPLE JELLY.—In No. 37, present volume, of the RURAL, C., of Glendale, Ohio, inquires for a recipe for making Apple Jelly. As *somebody* hasn't answered it, I send you the following, which is "tip top": Take sour apples of the best quality and flavor; cut them in quarters, or slices, and stew till soft; then strain out the juice, being careful that none of the pulp goes through the strainer. Boil this juice to the consistence of molasses, then weigh it, and add as many pounds of crushed white sugar, stirring it constantly till the sugar is dissolved; add one ounce of extract of lemon to every twenty pounds of jelly, and when cold set away in close jars. It will keep for years, and is about as much superior to currant jelly as you can imagine.—H. H. RIVENBURG, *Tompkinsville, Pa.*, 1861.

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ONION SALAD.—Peel, wash and slice the onions thin; cover with water, set them on the stove, and let them boil about five minutes; drain off the hot water, and rinse them with cold; drain it off well, salt and sweeten your vinegar to suit the taste: pour it over the onions, and the dish is ready for the table. If any one doubts their being good, let them try it. If any one wishes to prepare enough to last a week or ten days after they are prepared as above, let them boil four or five minutes in the vinegar.

Remarks.—Those who are in the habit of shedding tears while peeling onions, may find an antidote by keeping them immersed, or dipping frequently in warm water; rubbing the hands well with a ripe tomato, takes off the stain and odor; so do not get discouraged, sister cooks.—*New England Farmer.*

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TO CLEAN PRINTS.—Fasten the paper to a board with button drawing pins, then wash it with water in which is dissolved an ounce of carbonate of ammonia to every pint of water. Employ a camel's hair brush. Then rinse the paper well with fresh water. When dry repeat the process with the other side of the paper. Wet the paper with water made sour with white vinegar. Finally, wet the paper with water containing a little bleaching powder, and rinse with clean water. Dry it by exposure to the air and sun. It will become white except where printed. Stiffen the paper with parchment size.—*Septimus Piesse.*

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ICED GRAPES.—Take large close bunches of fine ripe thin-skinned grapes, and remove any that are imperfect. Tie a string in a loop to the top of the stem. Strain into a deep dish a sufficient quantity of white of egg. Dip the bunches of grapes into it, immersing them thoroughly. Then drain them, and roll them about in a flat dish of finely powdered loaf-sugar till they are completely coated with it, using your fingers to spread the sugar into the hollows between the grapes. Hang up the bunches by the strings till the icing is entirely dry. They should be dried in a warm place. Send them to the supper-table at a party, on glass dishes.

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TO SOFTEN OLD PUTTY.—In removing old broken panes from a window, it is generally very difficult to get off the hard, dry putty, that sticks round the glass and its frame. An exchange says: Dip a small brush in nitric or muriatic acid,—to be obtained at the druggist's,—and go over the putty with it. Let it rest a while, and it will soon become so soft that you can remove it with ease.

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CLEANING WINDOW SHADES.—Now that the flies are gone, will some reader of the RURAL give a method by which transparent window shades may be cleaned, and confer a favor on — E. M. K., *Franklin Square, N. Y.*

COLORING FURS.—The ladies of this place would be much obliged for a recipe to color furs a dark brown or black.—I. S., *Wolf Creek, Mich.*, 1861.

CLEANING WHITE FUR.—Will some of the lady Ruralists tell me how to clean white furs, and oblige —A SUBSCRIBER, *Butte des Morts, Wis.*, 1861.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

TO PRESERVE YOUR HUSBAND'S TEMPER.—Ladies, if you would always have your husbands come home to their meals in good humor, see only D. B. DE LAND & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus, and then you will be enabled at all times to place before them perfectly light, nutritious, and healthy bread, biscuit, &c. If you doubt it, get a paper and try it. It is manufactured and for sale by the proprietors, at Fairport, Monroe County, N. Y., and for sale by all responsible wholesale dealers in Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, &c., &c.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MARY—A HEART HISTORY.

BY YE. NEEDS.

Thou'lt hear, ESTELLE, whilst I a tale reveal
Of two seared hearts' histories?

"I will."

'Twas many moons ago, ere Time and Care
Had furrow'd o'er this brow, or sprinkled snow
Upon these locks.

Another heart there was,
Whose tendril-chords were bound around mine own,
As side by side, and hand in hand, we tript
Along Life's road. An Angel came and bound
Them closer still;—a cherub form—so bright!
So innocent! so full of joy! And, oh!
The bliss it brought! It folded its bright wings
And sat upon the threshold of our home,—
And Love, and Peace, and Joy, came down and made
It their abode. The outward world took on
The peaceful hue that reigned within; the blue
And overhanging sky tinged bluer still;
And in its distant depths there twinkled far
Those shining orbs, that seem'd like sainted eyes,
Gazing down upon our happiness.

But
There came a cloud—a dark and somber cloud.
It came and cast a pall-like shadow o'er
The threshold of that home. DEATH sat upon
Its crest; and from its sable folds there came
A voice of deepest woe—and those hearts quail'd!
The Shadow crept upon the Angel form,—
And then it droop'd its golden wings, and closed
Its mild blue eyes, as if in sleep—and died!
And other angels came and bore it hence
To Heav'n. And since that hour the shadow still
Lies on that hearth.

Another—and another—
Cherub came, and took the place left vacant—
Each bearing to those desolate hearts its gift
Of joy. Long years since then have flown away.
These angel forms still dwell within that home
And gild it with the brightness of their wings;
Still cheer it with their gushing melodies—
Yet there the SHADOW *rests!* And there 'twill rest
Forever!

"What called ye the earthly name
Of that bright angel form, that blest ye with
Its smile?"

We called it MARY. What its name
Among the bright wing'd cherubs where't now dwells,
'Tis not for our sad hearts to know.

Hamilton, Ill., 1861.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"YOUNG LADIES."—REPLY TO "X."

"It is an uncommon thing to find a young lady now-a-days that half pays for the food she eats."—"X.," *in Rural New-Yorker.*

WHERE in the world have you kept yourself all your life, Mr. X., that you have imbibed such an outrageous notion as that? Your estimate of "*young ladies*" is certainly not very flattering to the sex. "A strange compound of dress and nerves," that "shudders when she sees a washtub, and screams at the sight of a cow." This is your picture of a "modern young lady."

You seem to like *plain English*, and so do I, and now, Mr. X., please allow me to say a few words that may possibly relieve your mind of some very false impressions. In the first place, as far as the girlhood of our mothers and grandmothers is concerned, I prefer to know nothing about it, save what I have heard from others. I have no doubt that *you do*, for the lives of old bachelors are often traced back to an incalculable distance. Therefore, I accept your version of what *used to be*, without comment. Astonishing as it may seem to you, these fashionable "compounds" of whom you speak, *never existed outside of a novel.* In some of our large cities there may be a few ladies whose lives are entirely devoted to fashion and pleasure, but these are a rare exception instead of a general rule. Why, Mr. X.," the world is *full* of noble, self-sacrificing women, and not *alone* those advanced in years, or in middle life, but "young ladies," who are a constant blessing to those around them.

What are the loyal women of America doing to-day? Go where you will throughout the length and breadth of the land, and you will find busy fingers and willing hearts, preparing comforts for the sick and suffering of our army, while narrow-souled men, who read their papers beside a cheerful hearthstone, and wonder why our Generals don't do something, frown and draw their purse-strings a little tighter each time they are invited to assist in this noble enterprise. And who, I would ask you, possesses the truer heroism,—he who nobly takes his life in his hand, and goes to witness the strife, the confusion, and excitement of battle, or the mother, wife, or sister, who takes his hand and *bids him* go forth to duty, or even to death, for the defence of truth and liberty, while she stays in the desolated home with an agonizing suspense weighing down her life?

The "sphere" of woman's action may be called small, or limited; but in her quiet, unostentatious manner, she is wielding an influence to the world that speculative, fault-finding specimens of the masculine gender never dream of. And will this influence cease when our mothers are gone? Never! "Young ladies" are rapidly taking their place, and the end of time only will close their usefulness and toil.

Your advice to young men is very sensible compared with the other things you said; but do you suppose they will heed it? You need not think of such a thing. There never was a "pretty little creature" with soft white hands, and just brains enough to dress and flirt, that could not *boast* (?) scores of admirers with just about as much sense as herself, who consider her an *angel*, and who would go through fire and water to serve her.

Now, just one word of advice to you, Mr. X., and I will relieve your patience. Bid farewell to the trashy romances that give you such false ideas, shoulder your musket like a *man*, and take your place among those who are gallantly fighting for home and country, leaving the "young ladies" to do their part and yours too, if you have any, and I have great faith that you will return a "wiser and better man."

Pike, N. Y., 1861. FREDERIKA FENWOOD.

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NOTHING can convey more consolation and support to a high-minded, virtuous woman, in the midst of sorrow and misfortunes, than the recollection of the conduct of her sex under similar circumstances. When encompassed by dangers, difficulties, or death, women have continued to adhere with fidelity to their husband's fortunes under every vicissitude.

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HOME can never be transferred, never be repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated on parental love by the innocence and sports of childhood is the only home of the human heart.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR NELLIE.

HAVE they told you that our little NELLIE was dead?—our first born?—the quiet, thoughtful little girl, with golden hair, and deep blue pensive eyes, with a step like a gazelle, and voice like a summer song bird?—the little girl whose judgment was so mature, that she seemed less a child than woman?

Have they told you that the little hands, which had already learned to use the needle so skillfully, were lying idly folded upon her breast, and the willing feet which came so quickly at our bidding, tarried long away? Have they told you that the light had faded from her sparkling eye, the song hushed on her sweet lips; that the little form which we have clasped so oft with parental tenderness, was pallid and cold, beneath the Autumn leaves?

Did they tell you that for a few short years we had entertained an angel in our household, a cherub with hidden wings; that it dwelt among us for a brief season, performing its little mission of love, and then, ere we were aware of it, plumed its pinions, and departed? Did they tell you of the little sister who is so lost without her leader, whose pillow is lonely at night, and whose playthings are laid quietly away, because there is none to tell her how to use them? Did they tell you that our band was no longer an unbroken one, that the brightest link had dropped from the shining circlet, and henceforth we should look for it in vain? Nay, not in vain. We know that *sometime* we shall find our lost treasure, shall greet our lost darling. Lost to earth, but eternally *saved* in the mansions above. We know our little one is blest and happy in her new abode, and yet we miss her so much, our home is so lonely without her sweet presence, that in anguish of spirit we cry, "Why must our darling go?"

"We know her little heart is glad, some gentle angel guides
Our loved one on her joyous way where'er in Heaven she glides.
Some angel far more wisely kind than ever we could be,
With all our wild, blind, mortal love, dear NELLIE, waits on thee,
And every sweet want of thy heart her care benign fulfills,
And every whispered wish for us with telling love she stills."

And yet we weep. We know that all sorrow and suffering, trials and temptations, which may be in store for us, and our remaining little ones, will *never, never* be *hers.* Still our tears will flow. Heavenly Father, help us to say, "Thy will be done."

Carlton, N. Y., 1861. KATE WOODLAND.

◆

COMPENSATION OF FEMALE TEACHERS.

IT is generally conceded that the compensation of female teachers is not commensurate to the amount of labor required of them; that while in many instances mental capacities equivalent to those of men are demanded, the pay even for the same duties is by no means equal; and yet, while conceding all this, it is much easier to point out the wrong than to provide the remedy. The doctrine of compensation is not regulated by intrinsic values, but by the universal law of demand and supply. Any overburdened market must of necessity be one of depression; and the market for human labor is not exempt from the same conditions.

Even the pay of the *male* teachers, especially in times of mercantile depression, is not unfrequently affected by an active competition; young lawyers without clients, doctors without patients, engineers on suspended lines of unfinished railroads, with the thousand students, theological, medical, legal, and scientific, who must do something to aid them in their pecuniary embarrassments, and help themselves around a sharp angle in the rugged road they have chosen, come in competition with the professional teacher, and cut down his wages. School committees do not often enough inquire whether or not the applicant is a professional instructor predicating his success in life upon his merits in that direction, but rather who can be obtained to do the work for the least money.

If this is the case with men amid all the countless varieties of employment to which they are permitted to resort, how much more potent must be the depressing influences upon the narrow channels of female labor? Preach as we may about the dignity of labor and the importance of domestic employment, even moderately educated American women will not submit to the drudgery and contumely of domestic service. As a consequence, the ignorant and too often vicious servant is brought into disastrous contact with our children in the most dangerous and impressible period of their lives; while the elder sister or the maiden aunt withdraws herself from her own appropriate sphere, to pick up a livelihood in one to which she may be wretchedly adapted. She will declare in all seriousness, when free from restraint, that "she hates school-teaching more than poison;" and that "she had as *lieves* be in jail as in a school-room any time;" but then what is she to do for a living if she does not teach? There is nothing else for her to turn her hand to unless it is to go into domestic service, and sooner than do that she would starve! Hence the rank of female teachers is filled to repletion with incompetent members, depressing the compensation even of the better class to the minimum limit, and affecting disastrously all the substrata of our educational system.

One of the most painful duties imposed upon our Boards of Education is the selection of teachers from the throng of applicants pressing their claims for appointment often even with tears. Within the writer's own knowledge, during the present fall, for four vacancies in the public schools of a single city there were over ninety candidates who filed papers of application. Nor is this by any means a solitary instance. The same state of things exists everywhere throughout the States; and under such circumstances, resolving "that female teachers do not receive sufficient compensation," will accomplish about as much in remedying the evil as the ninth resolution of the late Democratic State Convention will aid in putting down rebellion.

We must draw off the surplus labor into other and appropriate channels. Woman must consent to fill the place of clerk, saleswoman, copyist, proof reader, telegrapher, or any other honorable position, and fit themselves for it. She must not stop to inquire whether or not any woman has ever filled the place before, but whether *she* is competent to fill it *herself*, and if so, step boldly into the position; for she who opens a new field for female employment, is deserving of a queenly crown. When a diminution of the supply of female teachers to the actual wants of the community is effected by detailing the surplus to other equally respectable employments, then—and not before—will our female friends in the profession receive the adequate compensation.—E. W., *in N. Y. Teacher.*

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PERSONS good for apologies are commonly good for nothing else.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DESOLATION.

BY MARY O'MERLE.

SWEET summer flowers, with lips of bloom,
Why shut your kisses all away?
My heart with desolation weeps
Because ye would no longer stay.
I miss you in my morning walks,
Where, folded, in the leaves of grass,
Ye hide your pretty faces all
From looking at me as I pass.

While Meadow-Pinks and Roses wild
Brought blushes to the cheek of June;
While fragrant Hop-Vines gathered grace
Beneath the soft glance of the moon;
Ah, then, my life was not so sad;
For all the tissue of the hours
Was woven richly with thy hues,
Embalmed with thy sweet breath, O Flowers!

The Dandelion gathered sweets
And bound them in her yellow hair,
Caught from the breath of perfumes rich
That haunt the halls of summer air.
The Clover-blooms played with the breeze,
Or kissed the zephyr's tender lip,
The Mosses knit their fringes green
Where wildwood flowers the dewdrops sip.

The brown hands of the autumn now
Are gathering one by one the leaves,
The farmer-boy that guides the plow
Has bound the faded corn in sheaves;
The withered Mullen leans her head
Despairingly against the wall,
The Violet has dug her grave,—
Alas! 'tis desolation all.

O haste thy coming, precious flowers,
My way is dreary, sad and lone;
No mother's loving lips to kiss,
No friendly voice, no cheering tone.
Then haste thy coming, faithful flowers,
O haste, and with thy presence bless
The heart of one who may not speak,
But only feels her loneliness.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MOONLIGHT IN CAMP.

THE orb of day may burnish the muskets and swords of the soldiers, their arms flash in the light and glare of noon, but the goddess of night, rising toward meridian, causes a scene in an army far more transcending. Piercing the tissue of silver-lined clouds, the unobscured moon glistens the already fallen dew-drop on the army sentinel, and here she tips the waters of our Potomac with a calm, unwavering, silvery light.

In primitive warfare, armies, unlike our age, rushed to battle unencumbered with baggage or with many rations. The country through which their march was taken must furnish them with subsistence, and when night's curtain fell over the earth, the ground must be their bed. Strange as it may appear, it is curious to observe how a perfection in the art of arms in modern times causes a return to the simple practices of barbarians. As the world become civilized, armies were provided with tents; and now a camp—such a one as is around me this moonlight night—is like a city of white roofs which, as the host moves on, disappears from one valley in the morning, and as suddenly re-appears in another at night, as if by the magician's art. It may seem magic-like, but still it is only accomplished by a heavy outlay of time and toil. NAPOLEON, whose banner waved in triumph over so many bloody fields, and who revolutionized everything in war, revolutionized this. He left the camps and the long line of heavily loaded wagons behind. His soldiers built their fires where they halted,—the foragers sweeping the country meanwhile for provisions,—supper and bed were improvised beside the blaze, and in the morning at beat of the drum and the bugle's blast, the army rose to its feet *as one* man, ready for the march or the charge. There *was* no camp equipage for them to take care of, and the legions of the conqueror were upon the sleeping enemy while he was rubbing his eyes and preparing his breakfast. NAPOLEON'S innovations were imitated by the rest of continental Europe, and the night bivouac particularly has become the practice of all modern armies that find quick and unencumbered movements necessary and advantageous. It is this, and this alone, that has made Major General MCCLELLAN the idol of the North. To me there is something picturesque and sublime in it. At early eve to-night I went to the hill's summit with a soldier friend, to observe. The long lines of fires flickering and glowing in the partial darkness; the groups of tired soldiers; their free and easy attitudes, their arms on the ground by their sides ready to be caught up at any moment; the simple fare, the men cooking their supper (what else can I name it, although it is being prepared and eaten at all hours,) the long, stretching shadows and the background of darkness, who could help but call all this sublime? Then the vast multitude slumbering as one man; only the sentinels with measured tread pacing on their beat and keeping watch, the trees sheltering some, and some rolled in their blankets, lie under the stars. Thousands are all around me now dreaming,—some of home and a run through the mazes of childhood,—some of battle and victory,—some of partings that were painful, and of the "farethee-well," which seemed the death-knell to all their fondest, brightest hopes.

But listen. Imagine, as I vividly can, the "long roll" being beaten, the sudden trumpet blast, and all the host of firm and noble freemen around me rising from the earth—the commands "march," "charge," the fight, the terrible thundering of cannon, the roar and whistle of death taking the place of fond dreams in less time than I can pen it. This is but *one* of the mutations of a soldier's life. Some of them love it—love it deeper as they realize what they are fighting for. May the same Heaven that cheered our fathers in the days of the revolution be with our army and navy, soldier and seaman, in these days of disloyalty and disunion. E. A. PROUT.

Fort Ellsworth, Fairfax Co., Va., 1861.

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A LIFE well spent, a character uprightly sustained, is no slight legacy to leave to one's children, and to the world; for it is the most eloquent lesson of virtue, and the severest reproof of vice, while it continues an enduring source of the best kind of riches. Well for those who can say as Pope did, in rejoinder to the sarcasm of Lord Harvey—"I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush, and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."—*Smiles's Self-Help.*

◆

SOME are so censorious as to advance, that those who have discovered a thorough knowledge of all the depravity of the human heart, must be themselves depraved; but this is about as wise as to affirm that every physician who understands a disease, must be himself diseased.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

THERE is sadness in the household of LEVI LIVEWELL. The only son, JACOB, has gone to the wars. The father did not see the use of it when so many want to go and cannot. He urged JACOB to stay at home. But madam LEVI, while she tearfully embraced her son with all the clinging affection of a mother, had at the same time the true fire of patriotism burning in her breast. While she wept over the necessity, she wrought on the flag for which he has gone to fight. Gouty old LEVI gives the tender tearful woman all she asks of his gold to fit out the boy, grumbling at the same time, that the rascally politicians have brought all this trouble upon us, and wishing them in perdition, or that they might perish in place of his son, who has done nothing to bring "this thing" about.

But JACOB has the true grit. And I do not like to use that word "grit" either, for while it may be Saxon, and expressive, it does not express what should underlie our present patriotism. Grit is not patriotism; neither should the word be used in connection. We battle with our brethren—*we* for the principles of our ancestors, for which they battled and bled; *they* to overthrow those principles and the moral restraint they impose. On the one side is fanaticism run mad; on the other the highest moral courage combined with an abandonment of the arts of peace for the art of war—the quiet of home life and peaceful avocations for the vigorous discipline of the camp and the field. It is not therefore simply grit, but the loftiest patriotism that prompts men who need not go, to resolve to dissolve all tender ties for the time being and wage war against wrong and its abettors.

This is the remarkable feature of every-day life I record to-day. It has become an every-day matter, and no greater security to our institutions need be offered, and no further insurance of the stability of our government need be given.

LEAD PENCIL, Esq., congratulates himself that he lives to-day—that he has lived to see this day—that the test has been made in his life, and that the heart of the American People is loyal to truth and right.

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COUNTRY HOUSES.

SWISS cottages are picturesque, Italian villas elegant, mansions in the Elizabethan style quaint and striking, but they are by no means comfortable country homes; and as people are supposed to build houses for their own convenience, and not for the special delectation of landscape painters, plain folk cannot understand why the rich should stow themselves away in such ornamental nuisances. The reason is obvious—it is the *fashion*, and fashion never hurts. To build and live in a gimcrack house—"a house with seven gables," as it were—is considered an indication of traveled taste. But it is no such thing. *Our* kind of Swiss cottages are not common in Switzerland, and *our* Italian villas are not the reigning style in Italy. No matter—they astonish "the vulgar;" and to accomplish that great end, the Would Be's of the world are willing to submit to much personal inconvenience.

Of course, reader, you have been in a Swiss cottage on the American plan. There are so many of them in the country, that, if you have any rural friends of a tasteful turn, you must have seen the inside of one. Are they not nice places to inhabit, with their sweltering attic dormitories, and their baby-house parlors, and their narrow labyrinthine passages and stairways? How the fresh air, let in at the door and windows, ever finds its way through their intricacies, is a mystery. The Italian villas are not much better, though a trifle less like Chinese puzzles in their internal architecture. Both seem to have been constructed under the supervision of a Professor of Inconvenience, for the occupation of families who like to live in bandboxes.

There are other styles of fashionable country edifices, belonging to several curious *dis*-orders of architecture, which are still more objectionable—conglomerations of spires, peaked roofs, buttresses, cupolas, and turrets, the sight of which would have thrown Inigo Jones or Sir Christopher Wren into convulsions. Some of these concerns are as full of involutions as Milton's Paradise Lost; so complicated, in fact, that one cannot think straight in one of them. Yet the owners fancy they are wonders of ingenuity; and so, in fact, they are, but the ingenuity has been misapplied.

The grand object of putting up such fol-de-rol habitations is to make common-place outsiders stare. But they do not attract the admiration of our shrewd yeomanry, nevertheless. The proprietors of substantial, roomy farm houses, built for comfort and not for show, do not covet these fantastic tabernacles, nor envy their tenants, in the least. They laugh good humoredly as they pass Mr. Such-a-one's "folly," and appreciate more keenly than ever, the comforts of their own more simple and convenient dwellings.

A square two or three story house, with spacious halls running through each story, and ample piazzas on every side, is the country house to *live in.* Persons who erect dwellings merely to astonish the natives, regardless of interior discomfort, will of course continue to patronize the fantastic at the expense of the agreeable.

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USEFUL CAUTIONS.

IF a man asks you to go his security, say "No," and run; otherwise you may be enslaved for life, or your wife and children may spend a weary existence, in want, sickness and beggary.

If you find yourself in possession of a counterfeit note or coin, throw it into the fire on the instant; otherwise you may be tempted to pass it, and may pass it, to feel mean therefor as long as you live; then it may pass into some man's hands as mean as yourself, with a new perpetration of iniquity, the loss to fall eventually on some poor struggling widow whose "all" it may be.

Never laugh at the mishaps of any fellow mortal.

The very instant you perceive yourself in a passion, shut your mouth; this is one among the best precepts outside of inspiration.

The man who always exacts the last cent is always a mean man; there is no "evacuant" in all the "Materia Medica" efficient enough to "purge" him of his debasement; he is beyond druggery.

Never affect to be "plain" or "blunt;" these are the synonyms of brutality and boorishness. Such persons are constantly inflicting wounds which neither time nor medicine can ever heal.

Never be witty at another's expense; true generosity never dwelt in such a heart; it only wants the opportunity to become a cheat or rogue.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THERE'S BEAUTY EVERYWHERE.

THERE'S beauty in the silent grove
And in the balmy air—
There's beauty in the sunshine—
There's beauty everywhere.

The merry songster warbling forth
His sweet, melodious strains,
Proclaims to all throughout the earth
"The queen of beauty reigns."

The rivulet, as it glides along
With its trilling, gentle flow,
Portrays great joy and loveliness,
In music soft and low.

Through woodlands wild and meadows green
It passes daily on;
Soon ocean's bounding wave is seen,
Then, is not beauty won?

The poplar, in its lofty sway
Above companions fair,
With graceful triumph, seems to say,
"I'm lord of earth and air!"

But what can beauty here compare
With that which reigns above,—
In grandeur holy, angels fair
Abide with peace and love.

Arrayed in white, at JESUS' feet,
With golden harps among,
The heavenly music, soft and sweet,
By rapturous saints is sung.

Oh! may we join that glorious throng,
Ne'er from CHRIST'S fold to stray;
Where beauty dwells, and love, how strong,
Through realms of endless day.

Antwerp, N. Y., 1861. A. O. O.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"LIFE IS A WEARY PILGRIMAGE."

"LIFE is a weary pilgrimage," sighs one who has battled hard and long with its stern realities. "The end is glorious," shouts another, as the glories of the Eternal City flashes up on ravished vision. The petty trials encountered in life's journey are all forgotten. "The exceeding and eternal weight of glory" in reserve, is about to be realized in all its abundant fullness.

Our pilgrimage here is not so drear as some would make it,—there is not a night so long and dark but at last the morning breaketh,—there is not a heart so sad but joy awaits it. Let us, then, with thankful hearts and songful lips, tread the pathway marked out for us, neither wishing nor expecting it ever soft and velvety for our weary feet, nor flower bordered and canopied with fragrant vines. It is not often that our way winds through verdant fields, beside flower-margined streams, reflecting only clear and sunny skies; but when it does, shall we, though the sharp thorns of care, ever lurking among the clustering flowers, rend our flesh, impatiently tear up the blooming flowers, and dashing them into the sparkling stream, murmur because the broken mirror reflects not cloudless skies and smiling fields? Ah no; let us gather carefully all the flowers, and plant them in the heart's richer soil; for soon—ah, how soon we know not—the rosy-hued flowers of joy will all disappear, and even the pure white ones of hope begin to droop and die, as we climb with torn and bleeding feet the steep and rocky heights, vainly seeking some shade wherein to rest our pain-racked frames; while hotter grow the scorching sands, fiercer glows the mid-day sun; yet on and on we haste; no sparkling streams appear, or cool, inviting shades; still ever on we press, with hearts that stronger grow, as watered by our tears the flowers of joy, long since passed, bloom anew with richer fragrance, in the garden of the heart."

Fear not, fellow traveler, though thy pilgrimage be so long that thy frame tremble with weariness, the brilliant eye grow dim, and the dark flowing locks whiten with icy spray from Time's boundless ocean rolling near thy travel-stained feet. Ay, this shall be the better part of thy journey—not, as represented by many, the most dark and comfortless—but like the glorious closing of a beautiful summer day when all the loveliness our eyes have seen is concentrated and reflected through the golden clouds that gather at "the portals of the West." F. M. TURNER.

Oxford, N. Y., 1861.

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OUR OWN FAULTS

LET us not be over-curious about the failings of others, but take account of our own; let us bear in mind the excellences of other men, while we reckon up our own faults, for then shall we be well-pleasing to God. For he who looks at the faults of others, and at his own excellences, is injured in two ways; by the latter he is carried up to arrogance, through the former he falls into listlessness. For when he perceives that such an one hath sinned, very easily he will sin himself; when he perceives he hath in ought excelled, very easily he becometh arrogant. He who consigns to oblivion his own excellences, and looks at his failings only, while he is a curious enquirer of the excellences, not the sins, of others, is profitable in many ways. And how? I will tell you. When he sees that such an one hath done excellently, he is raised to emulate the same; when he sees that he himself hath sinned, he is rendered humble and modest. If we act thus, if we thus regulate ourselves, we shall be able to obtain the good things which we are promised through the loving kindness of our Lord Jesus Christ.—*St. Chrysostom.*

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WITH JESUS.—It is the privilege of believers to be with the Savior. Though it be true that He has been received up into glory, still may He be approached in His spiritual presence. Though He be invisible, yet is He accessible. And His people avail themselves of the blessed possibility of intercourse with Him. They are with Him as pupils to learn the lessons of His grace; as sheep for which He died, and whom He protects and preserves, and leads into green pastures; as soldiers whom, as the captain of their salvation, He is bringing into eternal glory; as servants with their master, and followers with their leader. They are with Him in the closet and sanctuary; with Him by prayer, praise, and meditation on His word, which reveals Him to their souls; with Him in the gospel, of which He is the light and glory; and with Him in His ordinances, where He meets, banquets, and blesses His people.

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CRITICISM OF PREACHERS.—"I would have no one criticise a sermon," said Samuel Drew, "till he had attempted to preach one. After you have attempted to address a congregation, you will better understand a preacher's sensations and difficulties. And remember this in all your criticisms: the hand that cannot build a hovel may demolish a palace."

Useful, Scientific, &c.

COINS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"AND when he had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day, he sent them into his vineyard."—Matt. xx. 22.

A PENNY a day seems a small compensation for a laborer; but the coin in question was not the penny of the present day, but was a *denarius*, a silver coin, the intrinsic value of which was fifteen cents. This gives one a better idea of the value of the labor at that time. And it shows that the good Samaritan was more liberal and generous than the usual reading of the text would indicate. Luke x. 35. He gave the poor man that fell among thieves two silver coins of the value of thirty cents. We have reason to believe that silver was at that period ten times as valuable as it is at present; in other words, thirty cents would buy as much as three dollars would now. It thus appears that the Samaritan, besides the other valuable things, wine and oil, which he bestowed upon the injured man, gave the "host" money enough to pay the board of his guest some time, perhaps for several weeks, because this interesting event happened in the hill country of Judea, between Jerusalem and Jericho, where the charges of the inn were probably quite moderate. Thus a liberal provision was made for the intervening time which would elapse before the benevolent man would return from Jerusalem. And in case he should be delayed in his return, he said to the inn-keeper, "Take care of this man, and whatsoever thou spendeth more, when I come again I will repay thee." This generous and neighborly conduct of the good Samaritan our Lord commands with the injunction, "Go thou and do likewise."—v. 37.

The ointment with which Mary annointed our Savior is said to have been "very costly," John xii. 3, and "very precious," Mark xiv. 3. "Some had indignation with themselves, and murmured against her, because her ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence and the money given to the poor." Mark xiv. 4, 5. The propriety of saying that it was very costly and very precious, appears very clearly when we ascertain that the price at which it is said it might have been sold was equal to $45 of our own money. Mary's offering was therefore a valuable one intrinsically; but much more so as she wrought a "good work, which is spoken of throughout the whole world as a memorial" of her love and devotion to the Savior.—v. 9.

Again, when the five thousand persons were miraculously fed, we are told that the disciples asked, "shall we go and buy a hundred penny worth of bread, and give them to eat?"—Mark vi. 37. The present value of a penny is about two cents. It would seem to be very unreasonable to talk of feeding such a multitude with four hundred cents worth of bread. But when we know that two hundred pence were equal to thirty dollars of our money, we can readily understand how, with that sum, bread enough might have been purchased not only to enable "every one of them to take a little," John vi. 7; but if the proportionate value is considered, the money would have bought a loaf of bread for each one of the great multitude that were assembled. The great Master of the feast, however, preferred to feed them by His creative power, and thus the five barley loaves and the two small fishes were miraculously increased; "and they did all eat and were filled; and they took up twelve baskets of the fragments."—Mark vi. 42 and 43.—*Jas. Ross Snowden, Director of the U. S. Mint, Philadelphia.*

* * *

NO CONCUSSION FOR CATS.—It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump down heights. She never seems to hurt herself, or to get giddy with the fall; she always falls on her feet, and these are so beautifully padded, that they seldom or never get broken. I never knew of a cat breaking its leg from an accident but in one instance, and that was a French cat, which fell down stairs in a most stupid manner. Why does not the cat get a headache after her deep jumps? Why not the concussion of the brain, as a man or a dog would if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? If we take down one of our dry cat's heads off the keeper's museum wall, and break it up, we shall see that it has a *regular partition wall* projecting from its sides, a good way inward, toward the center, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is, indeed a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.

* * *

LEAD POISON.—A physician informs us that several cases have recently come under his notice, in which persons who had been residing in the country and who had moved into the city, had been poisoned by drinking hydrant water. In each instance, he states that the houses had been unoccupied for several months previously, so that the water had been lying in the leaden pipes. On making a chemical analysis of it he found, as he had suspected, that it was largely impregnated with lead, than which there is no more certain poison. He recommends that, upon drawing water from hydrants that have not been used for some time, and before using it, housekeepers should filter it through powdered charcoal, which is the most efficacious and simple method of removing all impurities.—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

WATER DRINKING.—Improper drinking of water has killed thousands. There have been instances where thirsty armies, after long marches, have come to some river, when the men would lie down on their faces and quaff an ordinary quantity of water, with these results; some died almost instantly, others became crazy, and staggered like drunken men. Avoid drinking water as much as possible while marching. When you feel dry, rinse the mouth with water, but do not swallow it. Drink only when resting, or before the word is given to march. Men, when heated, should not drink anything cold. In a high state of perspiration ice water only aggravates thirst.

Drink slowly. Half a tumbler of water will suffice the thirstiest man in the world, if he drinks by sips. Take from twenty-five to one hundred sips, and swallow each time,—it will quench thirst better than a quart drank in the usual manner. In fact, it is almost impossible to get down a full glass of water, taken in this manner.

* * *

COLOR OF THE EYES.—That the color of the eyes should affect their strength may seem strange, yet that such is the case needs not at this time of the day to be proved; and those whose eyes are brown or dark colored, should be informed that they are weaker and more susceptible of injury, from various causes, than gray or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful, and next to those are gray. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

GOD'S WONDERS IN CREATION.

THAT any creature could be found to fabricate a net, not less ingenious than that of the fisherman, for the capture of its prey; that it should fix it in the right place, and then patiently await the result, is a proceeding so strange, that if we did not see it done daily before our eyes by the common house spider and garden spider, it would seem wonderful. But how much is our wonder increased when we think of the complex fabric of each single thread; and then of the mathematical precision and rapidity with which, in certain cases, the net itself is constructed; and to add to this, as an example of the wonders which the most common things exhibit when carefully examined, the net of the garden spider, which consists of two different kinds of silks. The threads forming the concentric circles are composed of a silk much more elastic than that of the rays, and are studded over with minute globules of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain any unwary fly which comes in contact with it. A net of average dimensions is estimated to contain eighty-seven thousand three hundred and sixty of these globules; and a large net of fourteen or sixteen inches in diameter, one hundred and twenty thousand; and yet such a net will be completed by one species in about forty minutes on an average, if no interruption occurs.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"Who said that the stars on our banner were dim—
That their glory had faded away?
Look up and behold! how bright through each fold
They are flashing and smiling to-day
A few wand'ring meteors only have paled—
They shot from their places on high;
But the *fixed* and the *true* still illumine the blue,
And will, while old ages go by!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Pen Portraits of Military Men.

IN the last letter of Dr. RUSSELL to the London *Times*, we find the following pictures of MCCLELLAN and BEAUREGARD:—

When I had the pleasure of conversing with MCCLELLAN for the first time, he asked me several questions with evident interest and friendly curiosity —not unusual on the part of Generals in reference to their antagonists—respecting Gen. BEAUREGARD. In his case there was all the more reason for such inquiries, in the fact that they were old fellow students and class mates. To my mind there is something of resemblance between the men. Both are below the middle height. They are both squarely built, and famed for muscular power since their college days. BEAUREGARD, indeed, is lean and thin ribbed; MCCLELLAN is full and round, with a Napoleonic tendency to *embonpoint*, subdued by incessant exercise. BEAUREGARD sleeps little; MCCLELLAN'S temperament requires a full share of rest; both are spare and Spartan in diet, studious, quiet. BEAUREGARD is rather saturnine, and, if not melancholic, is of a grim gayety; MCCLELLAN is genial even in his reserve. The density of his hair, the squareness of the jaw, the firmness and regularity of the teeth, and the outlines of the features are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if BEAUREGARD were not of the true Louisianian Creole tint, while MCCLELLAN is fair complexioned. BEAUREGARD has a dark, dull student's eye, the dullness of which arises, however, from its formation; for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. MCCLELLAN has a deep, clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches far and deep into you. BEAUREGARD has something of pretension in his manner—not hauteur, but a folding-armed, meditative sort of air, which seems to say, "Don't disturb me; I'm thinking of military movements." MCCLELLAN seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. BEAUREGARD is more subtle, crafty, and astute; MCCLELLAN is more comprehensive, more learned, more impressionable. BEAUREGARD is a thorough soldier; MCCLELLAN may prove he is a great General. The former only looks to military consequences, and disregards popular manifestations; the latter respects the opinion of the outer world, and sees political as well as military results in what he orders. They are both the creatures of accident, so far as their present positions are concerned. It remains to be seen if either can control the current of events, and if in either the artilleryman or the cavalry officer of the old United States army there is the stuff around which history is molded, such as that of which the artilleryman of Brienne or the leader of the Ironsides was made.

COLONEL BAKER.—We have heretofore announced the death of Col. BAKER while leading a charge of the brigade of which he was acting General, against the enemy in the fight at Leesburg and Edwards' Ferry. His fall is one to be lamented by the country. Col. BAKER was a native of England, but came to this country when quite young. He studied law at Springfield, Ill., with Judge LOGAN, and commenced practice in that city. Col. BAKER commanded the 4th regiment of twelve months' Illinois volunteers in the Mexican war, and commanded the brigade of General SHIELDS after he was wounded. He was distinguished in the battle of Cero Gordo, and led the New York troops in that bloody engagement. From 1849 to 1851 Col. B. was a member of Congress from Illinois. Soon after, he removed to California, where he practiced law and took a prominent part in politics. His eulogy on Senator BRODERICK will be remembered as a model of passionate eloquence. Removing to Oregon, he was last year elected to the United States Senate, his term expiring in 1866. Senator BAKER introduced President LINCOLN to the people on the occasion of his inauguration. After the war broke out, Senator B. commenced in New York, on the 21st of April, the organization of a California regiment. He was tendered a commission as Major General, but declined. He held a State commission as Colonel, and was acting Brigadier General for three regiments at the time of his death. Col. BAKER leaves a widow and several children. One son was attached to his brigade. He was about fifty-three years of age.

GEN. ROSECRANS.—This gallant and accomplished officer is described by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times*, as follows:—At Clarksburg I saw Gen. ROSECRANS for the first time, and I must say that I never felt so much disappointed in any man in my life. There he stood with a miserable old blouse on of the very commonest material, without a stitch indicative of his rank. The pants, sure enough, were of the very coarsest texture, and must have witnessed the affair at Rich Mountain. The shoes were common brogans, such as the soldiers wear, and must be at least three sizes too large for him. The cap was of a very coarse, miserable material. His flannel shirt was clean, but as coarse as a "high private's." In all, I took Gen. ROSECRANS to be a "high private," who was very popular with the officers and men. He had a shake-hands for everybody, and I noticed particularly that he had more to say to the men than the officers. Whenever his back was turned and out of hearing, the fellows would walk and say:—"That's the chap for you. Won't he fight, eh? Just look at his eye, and you will be sure to see fight there."

MAJOR ZAGONYI, whose brilliant cavalry charge at the head of FREMONT'S body guard upon the rebels at Springfield has been announced, was formerly an officer under Gen. GARIBALDI. While in his service he was brevetted Captain of artillery by the Piedmontese Government, and decorations which he habitually wears, testify to the brave deeds which he achieved before coming to this country. In person Major ZAGONYI is tall and very fine looking, and his appearance would indicate that he is about thirty-five years of age.

"PORTE CRAYON."—Those who have formed the least acquaintance with our illustrated periodicals have, thereby, become more or less intimate with the individual whose *nom de plume* heads this brief sketch. Through "Virginia Illustrated," a very entertaining volume, issued some years since, under the auspices of the Messrs. HARPERS, he first became known and appreciated by the American public. STROTHER has made his mark as an artist.

"Away, too, half gallops half trots a wild little half-grown sorrel, with his mane cut short and his tail sweeping out in the wind. A rusty bit, black as the worn and mended bridle, single rein, and an old American citizen's saddle, are the uniform. And who rides? A rather small man with spurs three inches long fastened to his French boots. In these are pushed dark-brown pants well covered with spots, a good back ground to white boot straps. The boots themselves are worn white and unblacked. A dark coat, buttoned at the top, shows a blue shirt and silk vest, also black and polished. He wears the smallest India-rubber cap possible, from which his black hair escapes and revels as if unused to such restraint, and was a rival of the bushy beard. A few gray hairs are sprinkled with the black, but his eyes are flashing and as bright as of yore. On his right side he carries an opera glass, and on the left a small sack. It is PORTE CRAYON. You have seen his wonderful sketches many a time. He is a man of genius, of many an accomplishment, of education, and experience. He came out in the New York Ninth as a private, but he now sketches alone for Gov. BANKS, on whose staff he is now placed. His eyes are everywhere. He sees everything. The venerable STROTHER, who has just been released by the rebels at Richmond, is the father of STROTHER."

* * *

The Retirement of General Scott.

THE regular correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post*, writing from Washington under date of Nov. 3d, says that the retirement of Gen. Scott and his departure for the city of New York caused a very decided sensation here yesterday, and the feeling of sadness has not yet wholly departed. The withdrawal of Gen. Scott was so sudden an act that many persons closely connected with the Government were unaware of the fact till the morning on which he sent his letter to the Secretary of War. It was stated in this correspondence, a few days ago, that General Scott had no idea of an immediate retirement, upon the authority of a prominent member of the Government, and it is said now that only a fortnight ago the General had strong hopes of being able to fill his high position through the winter; but a fresh attack of one of the complaints to which he has long been subject so reduced him that he resolved upon immediate retirement. He has been known so long to the people of Washington that his final departure from the city produced a very sad impression, almost like that of losing a battle.

Yesterday morning at 4 o'clock, though the rain poured in torrents and the darkness was impenetrable, the General's carriage drove up at his door, and he was helped down to it by his faithful valet. All the members of his late staff accompanied him to the depot, where Secretaries Cameron and Chase joined him as a part of his escort from the capital to New York. At about 5 o'clock Gen. McClellan and his entire staff drove up in the rain to the depot, and bade farewell to the departing veteran. The parting scene between Gen. Scott and Gen. McClellan was very affecting, and put to flight the numberless rumors respecting an unpleasant state of feeling between the two Generals. Tears were shed freely by both, and the advice given by the old hero to his successor was as discreet as it was touching.

It is asserted by those intimately acquainted with both Scott and McClellan that there never has been a difference between them which in the slightest degree affected their friendship for each other. Their relations were pleasant and harmonious, and it was Gen. Scott's suggestion which brought McClellan here. During McClellan's campaign in Western Virginia he was repeatedly complimented in private dispatches by Gen. Scott, and after his greatest triumph there it was intimated to him that he would soon be wanted in a higher sphere, to use his talents in defence of the Union. Just before the unfortunate Battle of Manassas Gen. McClellan was upon the point of advancing to Staunton, Virginia, with his small but victorious army, but the Stone Bridge disaster and the inefficiency of Gen. Patterson put an end to the advance of the Federal troops in that part of Virginia, and McClellan was drawn away to Washington very suddenly. The utmost confidence is reposed in him by the Government and the troops. The fact that he can inspire such confidence in his fellow men speaks much in his favor.

The closing interview between the Veteran Soldier and the Youthful General is thus described:

"General McClellan, at the head of his staff, preceded to an inner room occupied by Gen. Scott, and removing his hat from his head, bowed before the veteran chief whom he had just succeeded. Gen. Scott, sitting, from inability to rise, extended his hand to his successor, and they talked for some minutes with hands clasped. In this position, Gen. Scott, drawing McClellan nearer to him, said:—'General, do not allow yourself to be embarrassed by men who do not comprehend this great question. Carry out your own ideas, act upon your own judgment, and you will conquer, and the Government will be vindicated. God bless you.'

"The young chieftain's reply was:—'I thank you, General, and will not forget your counsel. May you be restored to health and live to see your prophecy fulfilled. God be with you. Farewell.'

"Shaking hands again, Gen. McClellan conducted Gen. Scott to the car, where they parted without a word being exchanged, Gen. McClellan bowing gracefully and Gen. Scott returning it. The members of Gen. McClellan's staff then shook hands with Gen. Scott. Gen. McClellan and staff retired, and in the midst of a drenching rain, mounted their horses and returned to quarters."

* * *

Bull's Bay and Beaufort Harbor.

AT the time of writing, Thursday A. M., Nov. 7th, our latest dispatches do not decisively settle whether the great naval expedition made a landing on the shores of Bull's Bay or pushed on to Port Royal entrance. The Monticello, returning from the blockading fleet off Savannah, reports having passed the whole fleet moving finely along on Saturday night, within thirty miles of Bull's Bay, which her officers were of the opinion the fleet entered early Sunday morning and effected a landing. The fact that the fleet was seen off Bull's Bay, does not at all make it certain that Commodore Dupont and General Sherman have made a landing there, and, indeed, a Norfolk paper of Monday positively announces the destination of the fleet to be Port Royal.

Bull's Bay, says the N. Y. *Times*, is situated about thirty miles north-east of Charleston, and is a large shallow sheet of water, about ten miles long, from North to South, and about three miles wide. The entrance channel is along the northern extremity of Bull Island, between that and Bird's Island. The entrance to the bay is about six miles wide, but is obstructed by a bar—at one point only of which are soundings sufficiently deep for the passage of heavy vessels—giving fifteen feet at low water. "A very fine harbor of refuge," says the Coast Survey Report, "is made by the northeastern end of Bull's Island, with a safe and easy entrance from sea by night and day, and about four feet more water than at Charleston Bar." In this fine harbor our fleet, if it put in here, has found excellent accommodations, and now flaunts the glorious oriflamme of an Avenging Union before the eyes of the haughty worshipers of the rattlesnake flag.

The country about Bull's Bay, however, is but sparsely settled; at some distance from the coast it is traversed by the common road from Charleston to Georgetown—there is no railroad communication to Charleston—which crosses the Santee River about ten miles from the coast. The nearest town or village is Mount Pleasant. The thirty miles of coast from Bull's Bay south to Charleston Harbor bears the peculiar character of the whole Southern shore line, being a series of islands, and inlets or creeks running between the islands and the mainland. These creeks communicate with Charleston Harbor, between Sullivan's Island and the mainland, but are suitable for navigation only by light-draught vessels.

If, however, the expedition proceeded to

PORT ROYAL ENTRANCE,

our fleet finds itself in the finest harbor of South Carolina, and one of the noblest inland waters of the whole South. The harbor of Port Royal or Beaufort is about 75 miles south-west of Charleston, and is about equi distant between that city and Savannah. The entrance from the Atlantic between Hilton Head Island and St. Helena Island, is about three miles wide, and has even over the bar three and a half fathoms, or twenty-one feet, and probably twenty-seven feet at high tide? Within, the navies of the world might float. Sixteen miles from the sea is the town of Beaufort, the water approach of which does not admit vessels over eleven feet draught. A few miles back of Beaufort is the railroad connecting Charleston and Savannah, itself approachable by Port Royal Inlet and St. Helena Sound. The whole of this region should be studied on the map, as it has quite an amphibious character. The mouths of the rivers and the inlets of the ocean inclose a number of islands of considerable size, among which may be mentioned Hilton Head, St. Helena and Port Royal.

The possession of the fine harbor of Beaufort or Port Royal thus gives command of one of the most important, and, for the designs the army of the Union has in view in making a lodgment on the Southern coast, most advantageous bases of operation in entire rebeldom. Beaufort District has an area of 1,640 square miles. The surface is low and level, and the soil sandy and alluvial, producing cotton, rice, etc., in great abundance. Our troops will thus find themselves lodged in the richest district (South Carolina term for county) in the State—yielding some fifty million pounds of rice annually, and thirteen thousand bales of the finest quality of cotton, the famous long-staple sea-island, the very kind Europe most wants.

Here are over six millions' worth of crops, subject at once to confiscation, if their proprietors persist in their disloyalty. It is also one of the most thickly settled districts of the State, the population in 1850 being 38,805. Of these no less than 32,270 are negro slaves—a property representing *twenty million* dollars! It is on this spot that the shaded maps of negro distribution show the nightliest shade. *We shall thus literally carry the war into Africa!* The place is admirably suited for a vast camp of instruction, and with proper defenses it will not be found difficult to hold this whole district against any force the rebels can bring against us. What a splendid nucleus of loyalty in the very heart of the birthplace of secession!

* * *

Strictness of the Blockade—King Cotton.

THE New Orleans *Crescent* says:—"*As for the raising of the blockade, with the expectation of a resumption of trade with Europe, it is an ignis fatuus for the present.* The blockade will only be opened after severe fighting."

The *Delta* states that "it is contemplated to call a convention of cotton planters, at which a course of proceeding on this subject shall be decided on. It was observed on 'Change that if cotton planters proceed to grow cotton next year, as they have done this, they will again have it on their hands, and find it impossible to turn it into money. More than this, if we should have two or more crops of cotton on hand when the blockade is opened, the planters, reduced to extremity for want of money, must rush their cotton to market. The European markets would be glutted, the prices would go down, a glut of manufactured goods would load the shelves of dealers on the succeeding season, *and thus the price of cotton would suffer a depression it might take years to recover from.* On the contrary, if provisions are raised, our people will be fed, schemes of the enemy will thus be baffled, and the price of cotton will be maintained in European markets. This is a subject planters should well consider. We can scarcely expect another year to have as favorable a season as we have had this, and the price of provisions be remunerative; everything will find a ready market for ready money, and the cause of the South will receive a powerful support. We are in for a war of longer or less duration. *If the blockade of our ports is not raised within three or four months cotton, will be a drug. Prices of breadstuffs are advancing to most exorbitant prices.*"

* * *

Spirit of Massachusetts Volunteers.

IN spite of the shameful manner in which they have been handled by the army officers in high command, the gallant volunteers in the Federal service do not appear to lose heart in the least. The following incident shows how invincible are the courage and patriotism of our citizen soldiers:

On Thursday evening, Oct. 31, the 15th Massachusetts regiment, which is encamped on the plain on which General Stone's tent is pitched, held its first parade since the battle. The scene was impressive and touching. Less than half the numerical force of the regiment before the battle was present. Some companies marched into line with less than twenty men, many of them without arms, many without uniforms, but none without brave and manly hearts. After the parade the regiment was formed in square, and their noble and gallant Col. Devens made them an address, to which even a faithful verbal report would do injustice, for no description could reproduce the tender, subdued fervor with which his men were affected, or the earnest determination with which the question was asked and answered: "Soldiers of Massachusetts, men of Worcester county, with these fearful gaps in your lines, with the recollection of the terrible struggle of Monday fresh upon your thoughts, with the knowledge of the bereaved and soul-stricken ones at home, weeping for those whom they will see no more upon earth, with that hospital before your eyes filled with wounded and maimed comrades, I ask you now whether you are ready again to meet the traitorous foes who are endeavoring to subvert our Government, and who are crushing under the iron heel of despotism the liberties of a part of our country? Would you go next week? Would you go to-morrow? Would you go this moment?" And one hearty "yes!" burst from every lip.

No man who knows what that noble regiment did on the 21st inst., could doubt them. Their Colonel had himself stood their sponsor in the baptism of fire, and the question was a needless one; but as "iron sharpeneth iron so doth a man the face of his friend."

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Interesting from Pensacola.

FROM the correspondence of the Mobile *Advertiser* we gather the following intelligence concerning affairs on Santa Rosa Island, Fort Pickens, and Pensacola. The letter bears date Oct. 21st, and the writer says:

"This morning Billy's big guns announced that Mr. Wilson and his braves were to be found at their old quarters. Their new cloth houses look quite neat and inviting. Whether our folks have any need of them, now that they are being housed after town fashion, I am unable to say. The name of the Confederate gunboat Ewing has been changed to the Bradford, and the steamer Neafie will hereafter be known as the Nelms, in honor of the brave Capt. Bradford, of Florida, and Lieut. Nelms, of Georgia, who fell in the battle of Santa Rosa. A more appropriate device in perpetuating the name of the fallen brave could not have been adopted. The military spirit of Pensacola is aroused to the fullest extent. In every direction, of an afternoon, the drum beat is heard calling the Home Guards to the place, or summoning the soldier to his quarters. Capt. Farraud, of the Confederate navy, arrived to-day with the Navy Department.

"The winds and storms of the past few days have ceased their howlings and fury, and the city is now in the enjoyment of the calm and sunshine of a May morn. I telegraphed you last night that Lieut. S. Sayre, of the Confederate Marine corps, had been released on parole by Col. Brown, on honor that when his wound would admit he should return to captivity, unless honorably exchanged. I have just left his room. He is in fine humor, and in his own peculiar vein relates some of the incidents of the fight in which he either played a part or witnessed. Having participated in the advance move, he was of course in the rear on the return march, when and where most of the casualties befel our side. His leg was pierced with a Minie ball from the regulars of Lieut. Seely, who had by some means obtained the rear of our troops. He was carried by his immediate companions some distance down the beach, where he was left, under the belief that he would be carried aboard a little Confederate guard schooner or sloop that was standing immediately for the shore, but was not discovered, and of course fell into the hands of the foe. After our troops had left the island, he was approached by an officer on horseback, to whom he introduced himself as 'Lieut. Sayre, of the Confederate States marines.' The officer replied, 'I am Lieut. Langdon, of the army; you shall be immediately cared for.' He was next visited by some of Wilson's boys, who promised him good treatment, and claiming him as their prisoner. He was shortly after taken to the hospital, where he was treated with the utmost kindness by the Chief Surgeon, the officers of the army, as well as by the regular and Zouave privates. Col. Brown also visited and conversed with him in the most amiable manner. Lieut. Sayre will divulge nothing that compromises his honor. All our prisoners, while on the island, were treated in a similar manner; and it was no doubt gratifying to Col. Brown to learn that Gen. Bragg has acted in a like manner toward the Federal prisoners in his hands. Lieut. Sayre was brought over on a litter.

"We have learned that our prisoners all sailed on the 16th—we know not where, but probably for New York or the Tortugas. The list, as above stated, was sent over by Col. Brown." The wounded and sick in our hospitals are all slowly improving. The ladies are ceaseless in their efforts to render endurable their misfortunes by battle and camp."

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Edward's Ferry—Foundering of the Launch.

IN giving an account of the late terrible disaster at Edward's Ferry, the Columbus *Journal* thus speaks of the sinking of the launch:

The only scow that could be found for transporting either the advance or the fugitives, sank beneath its burden of the wounded, and foundered with its precious freight. What pen can depict the horror of that scene of dismay! Fancy its aggregate of woe from the description given by a witness of this awful drama.

A most painful scene transpired at the sinking of the launch, in which were some sixty wounded men, and twenty or thirty members of the California First. The launch had been safely taken half way across the river, when, to their utter consternation, it was discovered that it was leaking, and the water gradually, but surely, gaining upon them. The wounded were lying at the bottom of the launch—some shot to the head, others mangled by the tramp of cavalry, and others suffering intolerably from their various dislocations, wounds and injuries, and all soaking in water, which at the very start was fully four inches deep. As the water grew deeper and rose above the prostrated forms of the wounded, their comrades lifted them into sitting postures, that they might not be strangled by the fast rising water. But it is said that the groans and cries, screams and moanings of the poor fellows who were thus tortured, were most distressing and indescribable.

Despite all that could be done, the fate of the launch, and all that were in it, with the exception of a few expert swimmers, was sealed; suddenly and like a flash of lightning the rotten craft sank, carrying with it at least fifty dying, mangled, groaning sufferers, and some twenty or thirty others who had trusted their lives to its treacherous hold. The imagination revolts at the dreadful vision which rises before it; as were seen the vain attempts of the drowning to keep their aching heads above the level of the water; as the long lines of bleeding, crying men became a confused mass of gory bodies, struggling, the stronger with the weaker, for some place where for a little while yet they might be secure from the dreadful but impending fate; as the well, forgetting their brothers in their anxiety for self-preservation, rushed frantically from end to end of the launch, fearing to attempt the swimming of the river, while they added pain and misery by their thoughtless trampings, to their less fortunate companions who lay beneath their feet; and finally, as the launch, unable longer to maintain its place above the surface, sank; while the farewell cry, the feeble groan, the terror filled prayer, and the grateful expression of relief from pain, mingling, rose in one wild outcry, which terrified the hundreds who were swimming for their lives, and filled with sorrow and dismay the hearts of the survivors who stood upon the friendly and not distant shore.

Department of the West.

ILLINOIS.—An expedition left Cairo on the night of the 7th, under the command of Generals Grant and McClernand, and landed at Belmont, Mo., three miles above Columbus, at 8 o'clock next morning.

Our forces consisted of the following regiments: 22d Illinois, Col. Dougherty; 27th Illinois, Col. Buford; 30th Illinois, Col. Foulke; 31st Illinois, Col. Logan; 7th Iowa, Col. Laman; Taylor's Chicago Artillery, and Delano's Cavalry. They left Cairo on the steamers Alexander Scott, Chancellor, Memphis, Keystone State, accompanied by the gunboats Lexington and Tyler. The land force was 3,500 men. After landing, the troops were formed in line of battle, Gen. McClernand in command of the Cairo troops. Col. Dougherty commanded the Bird's Point troops. They were encountered by the rebels 7,000 strong, and fought every inch of the way to the enemy's camp, making sad havoc in their ranks. Col. Buford was the first to plant the Stars and Stripes in the enemy's camp. Col. Dougherty's regiment captured the rebel battery of twelve pieces, two of which they brought away. Col. Foulke's men suffered greatly, as they were in front of the batteries before they were taken. After taking possession of the rebel camp and destroying the same, it was discovered that the rebels were crossing over from Kentucky for the purpose of attacking us in the rear. The order was given to return to the boats, when our men were attacked by a re-enforcement of several thousand from Columbus. Another severe engagement took place, to which our troops suffered severely. The gunboats rendered efficient service in covering the retreat, mowing down the rebels with grape, but killing some of our own men.

Gen. Grant telegraphs from Cairo to headquarters at St. Louis, on the 9th inst., that our victory at Belmont, Mo., was complete. We captured 230 prisoners and all of the rebel artillery, but were obliged to leave part of the guns behind for the want of horses to haul them. Some of the prisoners report that a large force was preparing to start to re-enforce Price, but the attack will no doubt prevent it. Our loss is about 250 in killed, wounded and missing. Belmont has been abandoned by the rebels. They have 150 prisoners, and acknowledge 350 killed, but would not permit the Federal officers sent to Columbus with a flag of truce yesterday to visit the place to which they conveyed their dead.

MISSOURI.—The removal of Major General Fremont having been decided upon, and the order to that effect having been received by him, on the 2d inst. he issued the following farewell order to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS, WESTERN DIVISION, }
SPRINGFIELD, Mo. }

Soldiers of the Missouri Army:—Agreeably to orders this day received, I take leave of you. Although our army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I have become familiar with the brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defence of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support with which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have before you, and let me remain, as I am, proud of the noble army which I have thus far labored to bring together.

Soldiers, I regret to leave you. Most sincerely I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown to me. I shall not have the honor to lead you to the victory which you are about to win, but I shall claim to share with you in the joy of triumph, and trust always to be fraternally remembered by my companions in arms.

J. C. FREMONT, Major General.

Gen. Hunter, of the U. S. Army, succeeds General Fremont. On assuming the duties of the position, Gen. H. spent the day in visiting the various camps, and examining into the general condition of the army.

Sigel has been appointed commander at this post.

The success of Governor Gamble, of Missouri, in obtaining the aid of the General Government for the defence and pacification of that State, has already been stated. The *Intelligencer* says:—The President has authorized the organization of the militia of Missouri, to be employed in defending the State against invasion, and suppressing the rebellion within its limits. The number of troops to be raised is not specified, but they are to be mustered into the State service — armed, equipped, clothed, and subsisted and transported and paid by the government. Gov. Gamble stipulates that there shall be but one Major General of the militia, and to secure unanimity of action, the General commanding the Department of the West becomes also the Major General of the State Militia by the appointment of General Gamble to the position. As many Brigadier Generals are to be appointed as there are brigades of four regiments each, and the staff officers shall not be paid more than the same are allowed in the regular service, whatever be their rank under the State law, as the money to be disbursed to this service is the money of the general government.

Department of Ohio.

The United States Army in Kentucky, under Gen. Sherman, are thus divided: Gen. Schoepff commands the Eastern, Gen. McCook the Central, and Gen. Crittenden the Western Division.

Col. Burbridge has advanced to Woodbury, the central troops have advanced to Bacon Creek, and it is thought our troops are able to assume the defensive with all security. Col. Burbridge forced a passage across Green River at Woodbury, near the Barren Co. line, attacked 300 rebel cavalry with portions of his command and Col. Jackson's cavalry dismounted, and routed them completely, with an inferior force, after a continuous march of sixty miles with nothing but a few crackers to eat. The enemy lost 50 men and all his camp equipage.

Col. McHenry has been fortunate enough to drive the rebels back near Morgantown, and Capt. Notler has killed sixty of them in a skirmish near the same locality. All these victories have been accomplished without the loss of a single loyal man. The importance of these actions may be appreciated from the fact that Woodbury is not more than twelve or fifteen miles from Bowling Green, Brown's Lock being intermediate to the two places.

Great numbers of the citizens of Kentucky who joined the rebels are now leaving their camps and returning to their homes, half starved, half clad, thoroughly disgusted, and wiser men.

In the last RURAL we gave telegrams relative to a skirmish at "Wild Cat," and from later intelligence it appears that about eleven o'clock on Monday morning four companies of the Thirty-third and part of Col. Wolford's cavalry regiment (not mounted, however,) were attacked by two or three regiments of rebel infantry with one battery of artillery. Our men were intrenched upon a ridge which completely commands the only available pass toward Camp Dick Robinson, which it was the design of the rebels to reach, and they were allowed to come within seventy-five yards of the breastworks, when the Indiana boys sprang from their shelter, and poured their fire with unceasing vigor upon the foe for nearly two hours.

There was little regularity in the engagement so far as the rules of battle are concerned, for each Union soldier fought as though the fate of the day rested with him alone, and such bravery has rarely been recorded during this rebellion as was shown by the Indiana boys upon this occasion. The rebels, too, fought like tigers, but the great disadvantage of approaching their opponents up hill, and under a steady fire from behind intrenchments, soon began to tell upon them, and they kept falling back at each volley, dragging their slain and wounded with them. Our loss is four killed and thirteen wounded as far as we can learn; but it is likely that more recent intelligence will show an increase of both. The loss of the rebels is variously estimated at from three hundred to six hundred.

Department of Western Virginia.

THE following proclamation was issued at Romney, Oct. 28th, by Brigadier-General Kelly, to the people of Hampshire county, Va., and the Upper Potomac:

My object in addressing you is to give you assurance that I come among you not for the purpose of destroying you, but for your protection in all your rights, civil, social and political. I am here, backed by the forces of the United States, to protect you in the rights of property as well as person, so long as you are peaceful citizens and loyal to the Government of the United States, the flag which has so long and so well protected you, and under the folds of which you have lived long, happily and prosperously. But if you attempt to carry on a guerrilla warfare against my troops, by attacking my wagon trains or messengers, or shooting my guards or pickets, you will be considered as enemies of your country, and treated accordingly. I shall put as few restrictions upon the ordinary business of the people as possible, and will give as free ingress and egress to and from Romney as the safety of my troops will admit. Citizens who have fled, under an erroneous belief that they would be imprisoned or killed, are invited to return to their homes and families, assured that they will be protected whenever they can give evidence that they will be loyal, peaceful and quiet citizens. Every reasonable facility will be given the people to seek a market on the railroad for their surplus produce, and to obtain supplies of merchandize, groceries, &c.

All persons who have taken up arms against the Government are hereby required to lay them down, return to their homes, and take an oath of allegiance to support the Government of the United States; by so doing, they will receive all the protection due to an American citizen.

B. F. KELLY,
Brigadier-General.

A dispatch from Western Virginia, dated the 9th inst., says that Gen. Rosecrans and his command are in fine condition, and are prepared to receive the enemy at any quarter from which they may approach, and the commander is confident of success.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* has advices from Gen. Rosecrans' army up to 8 o'clock on the morning of the 5th inst.

The rebel batteries command, from the west side of the river, the road on the east side used by Gen. Rosecrans' supply trains from the Kanawha Falls, which is a mile and a half below the junction of the Gauley and New rivers, to Gen. Rosecrans' headquarters at Tompkins Farm, on New River, five miles above the junction. The supply trains of our army, therefore, have been discontinued during the day, and are now used only at night. The rebels had three batteries, of two guns each, opposite Tompkins Farm, one opposite the Gauley, and one opposite the Kanawha Falls—the latter being the most dangerous.

The firing was very sharp on Wednesday morning, but slow in the afternoon, and it is supposed that the rebels are short of ammunition. Our artillery replied, and silenced the batteries opposite the mouth of the Gauley. Two of our men and several horses were wounded by shells on Monday morning.

Nothing definite is known of the strength of the rebels, but their operations indicate desperation or great confidence.

Monday evening Gen. Benham's brigade was two miles below Gauley, and it is believed to have crossed the river during the night. A steamboat was detained at that point for transportation across the river. The troops were ordered to prepare four days' rations and be ready to move.

Gen. Rosecrans has just received a battery of ten Parrot 10-pounders.

The telegraph this (Tuesday) morning brings intelligence of an attack upon Guyandotte, Va.,—a town upon the Ohio River, 36 miles below Gallipolis, Ohio,—by 800 rebels under the notorious Col. Jenkins. About 150 Federal troops were quartered there, of which 8 were killed, and a considerable number wounded and taken prisoners. Col. Siegler's 5th Virginia regiment were ordered forward, and when they arrived the town was found deserted, although evidences were plenty that the rebels had calculated upon a good time, a bountiful supper being in course of preparation, which they did not find time to eat. Col. S. fired the town and returned to his post.

Department of the East.

GEN. MCCLELLAN has been recently occupied in ascertaining the strength and disposition of the army of the United States, the command of which has so suddenly devolved upon him. He has called upon the War Department for a statement of the whole number of men, and where posted, and the total estimate of material on hand, and how distributed. He will be occupied several days in systematizing and arranging these matters, so that the burden of the management of military affairs may be safely confided to the Adjutant-General's office, and afford the General an opportunity to devote his attention especially to the affairs of the army of the Potomac remaining under his command.

Major Doubleday, one of the heroes of Fort Sumpter, has been assigned to duty as Assistant to Brig.-Gen. Barry, Chief of Artillery, and will have special charge of the armament and fortifications on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The movements of the rebels on the Lower Potomac are apparently mysterious. Ten days ago they were busily engaged increasing their forces in the vicinity of Shipping Point and Evansport. For the last few days they have been remarkably quiet in that locality. Not a gun has been fired from their batteries. Their blockade of the Potomac is not so complete as these batteries might render it, as vessels are nightly running the gantlet of their guns with impunity.

Secretary Welles received a dispatch at 2 o'clock A. M., on the 8th inst., from Commodore Craven, of the Potomac flotilla, stating that the rebels at and below Shipping Point were moving, apparently going southward. Gen. McClellan received similar information.

The steamer Belvidere, one of the expedition, laden with horses and stores, returned to Old Point on Monday, the 4th inst., and reported that she was separated from the fleet in the storm of Friday, and a portion of her upper works stove in,—in fact so roughly handled as to be compelled to return. Twelve of the horses were killed.

No less than seventy-nine contrabands arrived at the Fortress and fleet on Monday. They report that many of the troops had been withdrawn from Great Bethel, Yorktown, and the vicinity of Norfolk, but do not know where they have gone. They were picked up in boats and canoes. One boat had twenty-four in it. They were from Northumberland and Lancaster counties. They escaped to the Cambridge, which with the Resolute, is doing blockade duty on that river, and they represent that the entire negro population in that part of Virginia are on the move.

The steamer S. R. Spaulding returned from Hatteras Inlet, on the 6th inst., bringing Col. Hawkins, who proceeded to Washington on business connected with his post. The storm at Hatteras Inlet was very severe, and the recent high tides have completely overflowed the space outside the forts, and as a new channel is forming between the forts, it is apprehended they may become untenable. About a quarter of the much needed clothing of the 20th Indiana regiment had been landed from the S. R. Spaulding on Friday night, when the gale came on with tremendous severity, and it was washed away. Some other stores were also landed and lost. Ten days rations for the post were safely landed, but the Spaulding brings back the greater part of her cargo.

Five rebel steamers came near the inlet, but retired after firing a couple of shots.

The telegraph this (Monday) morning says the report that Gen. Beauregard has been relieved from his command of the rebels on the Potomac, seems to be well founded. A letter just received in Washington from Richmond states that a strong effort had for some days been made on the part of the people of South Carolina and Georgia, to induce Jeff. Davis to detail Beauregard to command the fortifications at Bull's Bay or Port Royal, in the event that the fleet should attempt a landing at either of these points. The letter states that the general belief was that the fleet was destined to Beaufort, and that a pretty large force had been dispatched from the Potomac to defend that point.

The following is the official announcement to the army of the retirement of General Scott, and the assumption of the command by General McClellan:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
WASHINGTON, November 1, 1861. }

The following, from the President of the United States, announcing the retirement from active command of the honored veteran, Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, will be read by the army with profound regret:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 1, 1861.

On the 1st day of November, A. D., 1861, upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed upon the list of retired officers of the Army of the U. S., without reduction in his current pay, subsistence or allowances. The American people will hear with sadness and deep emotion that Gen. Scott has withdrawn from the active control of the army, while the President and a unanimous Cabinet express their own and the nation's sympathy in his personal affliction, and their profound sense of the important public services rendered by him to his country during his long and brilliant career, among which will ever be gratefully distinguished his faithful devotion to the Constitution, the Union, and the flag, when assailed by parricidal rebellion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The President is pleased to direct that Major-Gen. George B. McClellan will assume the command of the army. The headquarters of the army will be established in the City of Washington. Communications intended for the Commanding General, will hereafter be addressed direct to the Adjutant-General. The duplicate returns, orders and other papers heretofore sent to the Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters of the Army, will be discontinued.

L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.

The storeship Nightingale arrived at New York on the 9th from Passes off New Orleans; has on board the cargoes of five schooners captured by the steamer South Carolina, including two cargoes of munitions of war; also an immense quantity of powder and 10,000 stand of arms.

An official dispatch from Chincoteague Inlet, Virginia, shows that the United States steamer Louisiana has been actively at work. A party from that vessel, with five volunteers from the Island, went on an expedition, and proceeding up the creek a mile or more, they found and destroyed by fire one schooner and two sloops. The party left the Louisiana in three boats at 10 o'clock on the night of the 27th of October, and returned at 10 o'clock the next morning—all well. The whole affair seems to have been conducted with so much secrecy and discretion that the enemy, said to be about three hundred strong in and about the town, was unconscious of the presence of our expedition.

Affairs at Washington.

THE new minister resident from Sweden and Norway, Edward Count Piper, was presented to the President on the 8th inst., by the Secretary of State. He addressed the President as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT:—The King, my august sovereign, having vouchsafed to name me as his minister resident near the government of the United States, I have the honor to deliver letters which accredit me near you, Mr. President, in such capacity. The King, my sovereign, having sincerely at heart the desire of maintaining the good relations which have at all times subsisted between his Kingdom and the American Union, has ordered me to become near you the organ of the sentiments of friendship which animates his Majesty, and of expressing the value which his Majesty attaches to cultivating and cementing still more relations so happily existing between the two governments. Upon my heart, Mr. President, I shall be happy if, during the period of my mission, I may be enabled to maintain and strengthen the bonds of perfect understanding, which at all times, to the profit of international interests, have so happily united the two governments, and I shall not fail, believe me, Mr. President, to give my entire zeal to contribute thereto.

To which the President replied:—SIR:—I receive with great pleasure a minister from Sweden. That pleasure is enhanced by the information which preceded your arrival here, that his Majesty, your sovereign, had selected you to fill the mission upon grounds of your derivation from an ancestral stock, identified with the most glorious era in your country's noble history, and your own eminent, social and political standing in Sweden. This country, sir, maintains, and means to maintain, the rights of human nature and the capacity of man for self government. The history of Sweden proves that this is the faith of the people of Sweden, as we know that it is the faith and practice of their respected sovereign. Rest assured, therefore, that we shall be found always just and fraternal in our transactions with your government, and that nothing will be omitted on my part to make your residence in this capital agreeable to yourself and satisfactory to your government.

At 11 o'clock A. M., on the 4th inst., a fire broke out in the lower story of the General Hospital, on Judiciary Square, originating from a furnace. The combustible part of the main building and of the right wing, together with the roof, were destroyed. When the flames were first discovered, preparations were made for the removal of the sick and wounded soldiers, about 50 in number. This was effected in good order and safety to the patients, who are now comfortably cared for to the neighboring City Hall and other buildings in the immediate vicinity. Most of the chamber furniture was saved.

Gov. Gamble has arranged with the Government that the United States shall arm, equip, clothe, and transport and pay the Missouri State Militia, who volunteer for service within the State, or in its immediate defence during the war. Details of plan secure unity of action between the State and U. S. A., and safety in disbursing money.

Several clerks at the Treasury Department are engaged in a search for historical precedent on the question of the right of the Government to re-open particular ports during the period of a blockade of its own coast. This circumstance is regarded as an indication of the probable intention of the Government in reference to the South.

Government has contracted with parties in Philadelphia for the construction of an iron-clad steam frigate, and the laying of the keel has been commenced at Kensington. The vessel will be 240 feet long, 58 feet beam, and 30 feet depth of hold, and her armament is to consist of 16 of the largest rifled cannon.

By orders of the War Department, the Provost Marshall of Alexandria has been directed to suspend the service of the civil functions he has recently performed, and to dismiss all the civil cases of which he has taken cognizance.

The President has recognized Camile Martin as Vice Consul of Spain in San Francisco, and Godfrey Snybucker as Consul from the Principality of Schumburg. Jacob M. Howard, of Michigan, has been appointed Minister resident at Honduras. Thomas Sparks, of Baltimore, now of Washington city, has been appointed Consul to St. Johns, N. B.

A highly intelligent and trustworthy gentleman, who has been on duty in connection with the blockading squadron off Charleston, assures the President that since five weeks ago, when Captain Marston took command of the station, it is absolutely certain that no vessel has put to sea directly from that harbor. Through the narrow channels leading along the south islands to Savannah, and even to points on the coast of Florida, small craft, such as schooners of light draft and sloops, may have made their way out; the watch of these passages is not carried on by the orders of the squadron, and would in fact be beyond its power.

The following is the report of the United States Sanitary Commission to the Secretary of State, upon the condition of the prisoners in the forts at New York:

NEW YORK, October 31.

SIR: With your permission I visited the prisoners of war and of State, on Governor's Island, on Monday last. I should have extended my visit to Fort Lafayette and Ellis Island, where a small portion were placed, had I not heard that they were all to be removed next day to Boston Harbor. I suppose, however, that none of the prisoners could be badly off, if those crowded in the casements of Fort William were not, and therefore the report of the condition in which I found them may properly serve as sufficient reply to complaints which have appeared in New York papers. No doubt the circumstances under which these men were brought to Governor's Island made their condition for a week or two very trying, and almost inhuman. Ill clothed, already sick from the voyage and previous exposure, they were suddenly precipitated upon a post not prepared to receive them, where there was neither adequate warm clothing, nor medical force. But these unavoidable deficiences were supplied with all the expedition possible. All alacrity was shown, it appears, by the commandant, his surgeon, and other officers, to meet the case.

In a very short time, bedding, blankets, and sufficient food, and suitable medical attention was furnished to all. As I saw them they were in better condition in all respects than half our own men in the field. Not crowded as most soldiers in the tents, abundant food, with as good blankets, and more devoted medical attendance. Nothing to complain of except the unavoidable fact that the casements, although here quite roomy, furnish very poor ventilation, and are in no case comfortable quarters. The men complain of nothing, although I gave them ample opportunity to do so, except the loss of liberty. They speak kindly of their physicians and officers in command. The climate seems to be their chief objection to this region. It went sore with them to be sent still further north; they wanted to stay where they had made friends, knew their prison and keepers, and where they were nearer to sympathisers and home. The casements were singularly clean. I purposely went unannounced and found the floors bright and sweet. Every man had his own bed and adequate blankets.

In addition to Government supplies, the State of North Carolina had been permitted to send some comforts to the prisoners, and disinterested beneficencers in New York had done something more. I could really find no room to add anything from the stores of the Sanitary Commissioners. Hospital stores were humanely and tenderly administered by Surgeon Swain and Assistant Surgeon Peters. The sick men looked perfectly comfortable in the Hospital. Medicines of the best kind, and limited quantities of necessary stimulants, were supplied to the sick. Several very desperate cases of typhoid had been saved by the assiduity of the physicians. Low spirits of all the prisoners of course was highly unfavorable to convalescence, and doubtless the sick list and bill of mortality—seventeen had died—were both larger than they would have been had not neuralgia prevailed. Men were not usually known either to wash or to exercise. They had to be driven to both. Pains were taken to compel them to be in the open air several hours each day. They were not confined within narrow bounds, but had many acres for play ground. The Surgeon told me he had seen only one tooth brush in use among the rank and file. They were evidently careless in their personal habits. The officers were perfectly comfortable for provisions, and complained of nothing.

I saw, on the whole, abundant evidence of the unreasonableness of the complaints made of the treatment of those men. It would be a source of great consolation to believe that our prisoners were treated half as well. Very respectfully yours,

HENRY W. BELLOWS,
President of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

To Hon. W. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

The following important notice has been issued from the Pension Bureau:

PENSION OFFICE, Nov 2, 1861

SIR:—The application for bounty land, forwarded by you in behalf of a soldier of the present war, is herewith returned to your address. A sufficient number of similar unfounded claims have been presented to require special attention on my part. Both to prevent imposition upon soldiers who may be misled into the assertion of such a claim, and to save this office much useless labor, I have to inform you that no paper of this character will be placed upon our files, or in any manner entertained.

There is no law granting bounty land for any service rendered subsequently to March 3, 1855, nor will any application be treated as valid, under a future act of Congress, if made before the date of the approval of such act by the Executive. Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH H. BARRET,
Commissioner.

The unavailable bullion fund is $902,000. The total balance to the credit of the U. S. Treasury in the States now under insurrectionary control, is stated at $6,500,000, and after making a deduction for the unavailable, gives the available balance at $4,500,000.

The Department, last week, was paying with the greatest possible expedition the accounts from the Army and Navy — these being considered the most urgent and important. Other accounts are necessarily suspended until that branch shall be completed.

The exchange of prisoners is likely to be accomplished on satisfactory conditions. The government is now engaged in discussing the mode. Lieutenant Kurtz, of the Federal army, who has been released from Richmond on parole, in order to urge upon the government the expediency of making exchanges, expresses great confidence in the success of his mission.

The government has decided to hold the position now occupied at Hatteras. Re-enforcements will probably be sent at once, including the regiment to replace the Indiana troops, who have suffered severely.

To save unnecessary disappointment, it is proper to state that the subject of applications for passes to go South in order to save property from confiscation, has been under consideration by the government, and that such passes cannot be granted.

Under all circumstances, the late action at Belmont is considered in a high degree creditable to our troops concerned in it, and great credit for the brilliant movement is due to Gen. Grant.

An extraordinary Cabinet meeting was held Saturday night, at which Gen. McClellan was present.

All the Northern Governors have by letter or messenger responded to the recent circular of the Secretary of State, promising to see to the thorough fortification of our sea and lake coasts.

The news from Europe at the State Department is understood to be eminently satisfactory. Official dispatches corroborate the impression given by the telegraphic reports already published in the papers. Official communications from loyal citizens of the United States, residing in Paris and London, say that Prince Napoleon has cast off all reserve and declared that the insurrection cannot prevail, and our letters say that secession is dead in France, or at least, that it gives no signs of life.

The Great Naval Expedition.

FOR some days rumors concerning the destination of the Expedition have been very plenty, and a half-dozen or more of the hot-beds of secession have in turn been invaded by the vivid fancies of sensation creators. The fact is, we have to depend upon the South for the first intelligence,—if this was disastrous, we would hear of it as soon as it occurred; if successful, it would be kept as quiet as possible, for our enemy is not given to the chronicling of his own defeats. That great humbug, Hollins, sent his gasconade all over the country the day after his guerrilla affair below New Orleans—and the rebel Anderson at Santa Rosa blazoned a victory (another such, we are inclined to think, he does not covet,) through the length and breadth of the land a few hours after he had taken his thrashing. What we now receive comes by either Norfolk, Va., or Memphis, Tenn., and we think there is sufficient foundation on which to build a reasonable hope for a large measure of success.

The flag of truce from Fortress Monroe to Norfolk failed to elicit any news from the rebel officers, but the wheelman told the sailors that Beaufort was in the possession of the Federals, and the National flag was flying upon the Court House. From the same source we have a rumor that the railroad above Beaufort has fallen into the possession of our troops, with an immense quantity of stores.

Five deserters who reached Newport News, state that the rebels up James River are in consternation, and also bring the improbable rumor that our troops had advanced up the railroad as far as Charleston.

Memphis papers received at Cairo on the 11th inst., contain dispatches from Savannah, fully confirming the landing of the Naval Expedition at Beaufort, and the capture of three forts, Port Royal, Hilton Head, and Bay Point. The United States forces had possession of the town of Beaufort. The rebels acknowledge their loss very large.

Capt. Dowell, of the 20th Indiana Regiment, from Hatteras Inlet, who has just arrived at Fortress Monroe, by the steamer S. R. Spaulding, states that the day previous to the departure of the steamer, a man was observed paddling across in a small canoe from main land to the peninsula, and as soon as he reached shore proceeded to the quarters of the 20th Indiana Regiment, and stated that the people of North Carolina had received tidings of the great naval expedition; that it succeeded in effecting a landing at the ports of Port Royal and Beaufort. At the first named place they had experienced no difficulty in landing, as there was but a small settlement on the coast; but at Beaufort a considerable fight took place, which lasted for nearly two days. The man stated that he was not a deserter from the rebel ranks, for he would not join them, being a Union man in heart and principle. He seemed to be very intelligent, and his only object in making a visit was to communicate to Federals the success of the expedition. He remained in the place till the Spaulding made her departure.

POSTSCRIPT!

LATE AND IMPORTANT WAR NEWS!

Capture of the Pirate Sumter—Great Union Victory in Kentucky—Uprising of Union Men in Tennessee—Rumor that our Troops have Advanced on Charleston.

TUESDAY, 5 P. M.—After the RURAL forms were put to press dispatches came to hand conveying the following important war news:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—A family letter received here, dated on board the U. S. frigate Niagara off Galveston, Oct. 25, confirms the report of the capture of the pirate Sumter. The writer says that she was caught in her own trap. It seems that she mistook one of the gun boats for a merchantman, and started in pursuit. When the gun boat had drawn her out far enough, she turned and run her ashore. Her officers and crew are prisoners on board the Niagara.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12.—General Nelson met the rebels under Gen. Williams, at Pikeville, Pike Co., Ky., and gained a glorious victory. Col. Luke Moore attacked the rebels in the rear with 3,800 men, while Col. Harris with 600 men of the 2d Ohio, attacked them in front. Col. Harris fell back, and Col. Moore pressed forward, until the enemy were brought into the midst of Gen. Nelson's brigade, when our forces pressed them on all sides, killing 400 of them and taking 1,000 prisoners. The balance scattered in all directions. Federal loss small.

The *Enquirer's* special dispatch says the Union men of East Tennessee have burned bridges and cut telegraph wires to prevent the transportation of rebel troops. One bridge of 200 feet span was destroyed on Saturday morning last on the East Tennessee Railroad. Structures on the line north of Knoxville were entirely destroyed. A very heavy wooden bridge at Charleston, Bradley Co., Tenn., was destroyed on Friday evening last. Charleston is seventy-five miles northwest of Knoxville. This action of Union men will convince the Government that East Tennessee will redeem herself if an opportunity offers.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 12.—A courier from Gen. Nelson's brigade, with dispatches for Gen. Thomas, reports that the fighting at Pikesville lasted two days. The rebels lost 400 killed, and 1,000 prisoners.

FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 11th, via Baltimore the 12th.—No intelligence from the fleet. A flag of truce to-day brought the crew of the French corvette Tronna, wrecked last Tuesday night near Occocroke Inlet, N. C. She had no pilot, and went ashore during heavy weather. The crew, 100 in number, were all saved, and reached Norfolk via Charleston. They also bring the report of two rebel batteries having been taken by our troops, but nothing more. Four fishermen who came in from James river, also give the same report as deserters yesterday from Norfolk, viz., that our troops had taken Charleston.

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

☞ OUR SHOW-BILL, INDUCEMENTS, &c., for 1862, just issued, sent free and post-paid to all applicants.

☞ THE TRIAL QUARTER.—The rush of Trial Subscribers has been so great that our edition of some of the October numbers is exhausted, so that we can no longer furnish the complete quarter. We will, however, send the RURAL from 1st Nov to Jan'y (9 papers) and 4 back numbers (making 13 papers in all) for 20 cents. ☞ Our aim is to have all trial subscriptions end with the year, as it would cause much extra labor and trouble to extend them into the new volume.

☞ THE DOCUMENTS FREE.—Specimen numbers of this volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1861 (beautifully colored by hand,) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber or reader is requested to act in behalf of the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ OUR INDUCEMENTS for obtaining subscribers to the Thirteenth Volume of the RURAL, for 1862, are of the most Liberal and Substantial character. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, &c., sent free to all disposed to act as agents.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, November 12, 1861.

No changes to note in the prices for Breadstuffs. We are now receiving considerable Wheat from Canada and from Buffalo, and our millers are quite active in converting the same into flour, which is being shipped to Eastern markets as fast as boats can be procured.

A few dressed hogs are on sale, but the market hereabouts will not fully open for two or three weeks.

The rates for Butter are still advancing, and we now quote 13@13½c for choice roll, 12@13c for firkin.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	[illegible]@17c
Flour, winter wheat	$3.25@6.50	Honey, box	0@11c
Flour, spring do	5.00@5.25	Candles, box	10@10½c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	1.00@1.00	FRUIT AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.25	Apples, bushel	25@38c
Best white Canada	1.25@1.28	Apples, dried ℔ lb.	5@5½c
Corn, old	00@40c	Peaches, do	12@12c
Corn, new	00@40c	Cherries, do	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush.	45@50c	Plums, do	00@10c
Oats, by weight	25@25c	Potatoes	30@38c
Barley	45@50c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@5c
Beans	1.25@1.50	Calf	6@7c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	75c@$1.25
Pork, Mess	$15.00@15.50	Lamb Pelts	50c@$1
Pork, clear	16.00@17.00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	4.50@5.00	Clover, bushel	$3.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.00	Timothy	2.00@2.50
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@4c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	6@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	5.50@5.50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Butter, roll	13@13½c	Hay, tun	7.00@12.00
Butter, firkin	12@13c	Straw, tun	5.00@6.00
Cheese	6@7½c	Wool, ℔ lb	38@44c
Lard, tried	8½@9c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.00
Tallow, rough	5@5c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Tallow, tried	7@7½c	Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov 11.—FLOUR—Market demand for flour is less active and is scarcely so firm, while without important change in prices. Sales at $5,15@5,65 for rejected; $5,50@5,60 for superfine State, $5,70@5,78 for extra do, $5,50@5,60 for superfine Western, $5,70@5,95 for common to medium extra do, $5,90@6,00 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $6,10@6,75 for trade brands do,—market closing quiet. Canadian flour is without change, with a moderate business doing. Sales at $5,50@5,60 for superfine, and $5 70@7,50 for common to choice extra. Rye flour active and firmer, with sales at $3,25@4,10, for inferior to choice. Corn meal quiet and without any material change in prices. Sales at $3,30 for choice Western, $2,85 @2,90 for Jersey, and $3,25 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat market may be quoted about 1c better, with a very moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales Chicago spring at $1,20@1,22, Racine spring at $1,22 @1,25; Milwaukee club at $1,22@1,25, amber Iowa at $1,25@1,27, red State at $1,28@1 32, winter red Western at $1,30@135, Canada club at $1,25@1 26, amber Michigan at $1 35, extra do at $1,33; white Canada at $1,35½@1,40, white Western at $1,30@1,45. Rye quiet and firm, with sales at 78@81c. Barley steady and firm, with sales at 68@68c. Barley malt dull and nominal at 78c. Peas quiet, with sales at 80c for Canadian. Corn market may be quoted about 1c better, with a pretty good business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 63@63c for damaged to inferior mixed Western, 64@64½c for good to prime shipping do, mixed Western, in store, at 65½@66½c. Oats firm and in more demand, sales at 40@41c for Jersey, and 42@44c for Western, Pennsylvania and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork without material change, sales at $15,00@15,50 for mess; and $9,62½@9,75 for prime. Beef is dull, sales at $4@4,50 for country prime; $5,00@5,50 for country mess; $11,00@12,00 for re-packed mess; and $13,50@13,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef is quiet and nominally unchanged, at $17@18. Beef hams fair; sales now at $16. Cut meats are quiet and steady; sales at 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 5c for Hams.—Smoked meats still continue scarce and very quiet. Dressed hogs in fair demand, with sales at 5c. Bacon continues in good demand for future delivery at steady prices. Bacon sides quoted at 6½@6c, sales 1,000 boxes assorted for December, January and February, delivered on private terms. Lard market is without any change and prices are steady, sales at 8½@9¼c. for No 1 to choice Western. Butter selling at 8@14 cents for Ohio, and 12½@20 cents for State. Cheese is firm and selling at 5@7¼ cents for good to choice.

SEEDS—The inquiry is fair for Clover seed at 7¼@8c, Timothy is quiet at $2@2,25 ℔ bushel. Rough Flax is scarce, and held firmly at $1 67½ per bushel.

ASHES—Are in better request and are firmer, sales at $5,87½ for both Pot and Pearl.

HOPS—The market is better supplied and is quiet, but steady, at 12@18c for common to choice now, yearlings are scarce and firm at 12@16c for good to choice.

ALBANY, Nov 11.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The storm has tended to check the inquiry for flour, and during the morning quietness has prevaded our market. There is no change to note in prices with only moderate receipts.

Common to good State	$5,30@5,40
Fancy and extra State	5,50@5,65
Common to good Western	5,45@5,80
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	6,00@7,00
Extra Ohio	6,00@7,00
Common Canadian	5,40@5,80
Extra Canadian	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee	5,50@6,00
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,00@7,25

Buckwheat Flour is rather firmer, and is selling in the street at $1,75, and from store at $1,87. Corn Meal is steady, and sales at $1,19@1,31 ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is a fair supply of wheat offering at prices above the views of buyers. Rye quiet but held firmly. There is but little corn offering and we have only to note a sale of round yellow at 62c, delivered. Mixed Western may be nominally quoted at 60@62c for lots in store. Barley continues in active request at the advanced prices with sales two rowed State at 81c, Canada East, to arrive, on p. t., and Canada West, afloat, at 82c. Oats have advanced full 2½c ℔ bushel, with an active inquiry; sales State at 42@42½c, afloat and delivered, closing firm at the outside price.

BUFFALO, Nov. 11—FLOUR—In fair local and interior demand, and market rules steady with sales of Illinois and Wisconsin extra at $4,75@5,00, extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio at $5,00@5,25, and $5,37½@5,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat, market quiet owing to an advance in canal freights, sales Milwaukee club at 96c, and red winter Western at $1 01½. Corn—The market has declined ½c, with a fair demand, sales in the morning at 40c, in the afternoon at 39½c.—No transactions reported in other grains.

SEEDS—Market quiet and nominal at $1,75@2 for timothy.

PEAS—Last sale at 55c.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork at $13,50, prime at $12,50. Hams, plain sugar cured, at 8@8½, do, in sacks, at 8½@9. Lard at 8. Shoulders quiet at 5½. Country beef at $5,00. Salted sides at 6c. Cheese, Hamburgh, at 6@7c.

TORONTO, Nov. 9.—FLOUR—There has been a good steady business done in this article since the date of our last and prices have been uniform. These last two days however, the feeling has been scarcely so firm, and holders to make sales would have to submit to a reduction of 5@10c on superfine, although we have heard of no sales. The stocks of flour at present in store here are daily becoming less under the light receipts and the desire among dealers to get their purchases moved before the close of navigation. We anticipate however that a large business will be done in this article during the coming winter, as the prices of grain at present, in comparison with the value of flour, offer a good manufacturing margin, and the prospects are that they will not alter much from present prices. We quote

Superior extra	$5,55@5,65
Fancy	4,85@4,90
Extra	5,35@5,45
Double extra	5,75@6,00
No 1	4,70@4,75
No 2	4,00@4,25

OATMEAL—The demand for this article for good qualities is steady for city trade at $3,75@3,80 and inferior is hard to sell.

GRAIN—The deliveries of fall wheat, as well as all other kinds of grain have been limited for the week, and not more than 3,500 bushels have changed hands on the street market. The receipts by cars come forward steadily, but still not in proportion to last year. Prime samples of choice wheat have brought as much as $1,15, though yesterday the outside price paid was $1 10. Ordinary to medium samples bring 95c@$1,05. Some few sales of shipping lots were effected last week at $1,12@1,23 f. o. b. Spring wheat still continues to offer in small quantity, and it is certain that the stock in the hands of farmers requiring to be moved is large. The demand has been moderately active, and prices well sustained. There is a good demand for this grain by the car load for local milling purposes, which sells at full rates. We quote 90@94c as the ruling figures. Barley—The shipping season being so near a close, the demand for this article is very restricted, and is dull at 42@44c. Peas are in good steady demand at 51@53c, though the lightness of the receipts still occasions the business to be limited. Oats have ruled small and in demand, at 30@33c.

HOGS—The movement in pork has apparently begun for the season, though the demand is yet limited. Prices rule low and may be quoted at $3.50@4.00.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The market exhibits less activity, owing to the meager supplies offering, and the rapid advance in rates, the receipts from the interior are limited, owing to high freight, and, no matter what it will come and in this market the next two or three months, there is no prospect of bringing forward any large supplies, because heavy shipments of breadstuffs will render it impossible to forward other merchandise at any reasonable rate. The wools that are held in the interior, besides, are not those which are the most sought after, the medium grades, which are classed as half and three quarters native fleece, now command as much money as full blood Saxony. Most if not all of the California clip has been sold, to arrive, at extraordinary high prices, medium qualities bringing as high as 28@34c., without much regard to classification, so that we must now look to foreign countries for supplies if our manufacturers intend to furnish and cloth our army of four hundred thousand men during the Winter's campaign. The high prices current here, we think, will induce shipments from England and other countries ere long. The transactions comprise 125,000 lbs Native fleece, at 47@53c for medium fine and two years, 40,000 lb Texas and California at 25@38c, 10,000 do Native pulled at 48@50c, for superfine and extra Coopler, 60 bales Cape at 27@28c; 121 do Donskoi at 23@25c, 100 do low and medium Mestiza, 400 do unwashed African, to arrive, and 250 do washed, on private terms. The large invoice of California sold to arrive, reported by us this day week, brought 32c., and the parcel of Chilian unwashed, 25c. We quote

American Saxony Fleece ℔ lb			50@53
American full blood Merino			47@50
American half and three-quarter blood Merino			44@46
Native and one-fourth Merino			42@44
Extra, Pulled			48@50
Superfine, Pulled			44@47
No 1, Pulled			36@40
Lamb's, Pulled			—@—
California, fine, unwashed			30@35
California, common do			15@25
Peruvian, washed			28@36
Valparaiso, unwashed			13@15
South American Merino, unwashed			23@30
Do	do	Mestiza, do	16@20
Do	do	common, washed	14@17
Do	do	Entre Rios, do	15@17
Do	do	Entre Rios, unwashed	9@12
Do	do	Cordova, washed	25@30
Cape Good Hope, unwashed			25@27
East India, washed			12@25
African, washed			20@30
Do unwashed			16@20
Smyrna, do			17@18
Do washed			20@26
Mexican, unwashed			12@14

N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON, Nov 7.—In domestic Wool considerable has been done, the sales comprising 500,000 lbs at prices ranging from 46@50c for fleece, and 45@55c for No 1 to extra pulled. In foreign the sales have been 1,400 bales Mediterranean, South American and Cape, at full prices.

ALBANY, Nov 7.—The market rules very quiet for both sorts, although there is but little if any demand at present, holders are very firm. The stock of medium and low fleeces is very light, a large portion of the clip being already consumed or in the hands of manufacturers, and if the demand for army goods should continue through the winter, manufacturers will have to resort to fine grades, which, by being mixed with lower foreign Wools, may be found to answer a good purpose. Of these last we shall probably have fair supplies, but judging by the readiness with which lots now on the way are taken to arrive, there will not be for some time much accumulation on the market, and as by last advices, prices are rapidly advancing in the European markets, we cannot look for much variation from our present market rates.—*Journal.*

CINCINNATI, Nov 7.—An active demand, and prices higher. We now quote 48@50c. for clean common wool.—*Gazette.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality ℔ cwt	$8.50@9.00
Ordinary quality	7.75@8.50
Common quality	7.00@7.50
Inferior quality	6.00@7.00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$45.00@50.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@45.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	25.00@30.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	5½@6 c
Ordinary quality	5 @5½c
Common quality	4½@5 c
Inferior quality	4 @4½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$4.75@5.50
Ordinary quality	4.00@4.45
Common quality	3.00@4.00
Inferior quality	2.25@3.00
SWINE.	
First quality, ℔ lb	3¾@4¼c
Other qualities	3½@3¾c

ALBANY, Nov 11.—BEEVES—We are glad to notice a slight improvement in our market to-day—an improvement in prices as well as in the quality of the cattle. There are 500 or 600 head more here this week than last, but still no more than an average supply, and there is an active inquiry, especially for the better grades. There is less speculative feeling but more of a legitimate trade going on than was the case last Monday.

PRICES—Buyers and sellers agree in the opinion that prices are ⅛c ℔ lb better than last week, and we alter our quotations accordingly.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4½@4¾c	4½@4¾c
Extra	4¼@4½c	4¼@4½c
First quality	3¾@3⅞c	3¾@3⅞c
Second quality	3¼@3½c	3¼@3½c
Third quality	2½@2¾c	2½@2¾c

SHEEP—The receipts are heavy, but demand active, and nearly two-thirds of the fresh arrivals changed hands here. Sales 311, averaging 90 lbs at 3½c ℔ lb, 100 averaging 100 lbs at $3 66 ℔ head.

HOGS—Receipts remarkably heavy—exceeding 16,000 head—Prices are now down to 3@3½c ℔ lb, for still-fed, and 3¼@3⅝c for fat corn fed. Sales about 7,000.—*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, Nov 7.—At market 1200 Beeves, 600 Stores, 3,500 Sheep and Lambs, and 950 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6 25, first quality $6.00, second do, $5,75@5 75, third do, $4,50@5,00.
MILCH COWS—$17@50, common, $19@20.
WORKING OXEN—$100, $120@130.
VEAL CALVES—$3,00@5,00.
YEARLINGS—$8@9, two years old, $11@15, three years old, $14@16 each.
HIDES—5½@6¼c. Tallow, 5½@6½c.
CALF SKINS—8@9c.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1 25@1,75; extra and selections, $2,00@$4 00.
PELTS—50c.@$1 00.
SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 4½@5c; retail, 5@5½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c, still fed, none; corn fed, none; spring pigs, none.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov 7.—At market 1,951 Cattle, 1000 Beeves, and 951 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.00@6 25, first quality, $5.75@5.75, second do, $5.00, third do, $3.75@4.60.
WORKING OXEN—$80, $90@125.
COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30@55.
STORES—Yearlings, $7,00@8,50; Two years old, $11@14; Three years old, $14@17.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,700 at market. Prices in lots at $2.00@2 62 each, extra and selections $3.00@3.50.
Spring Lambs—None.
HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb. Tallow, 6½@7c.
PELTS—75c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ℔ lb.
VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

Married.

AT Saginaw City, Mich., Oct. 30, at the residence of the Hon. T. JEROME, Mr D. McDONALD, of Clifton Springs (formerly of York, Livingston Co.,) and Miss LIZZIE, UGDEN, of the former place.

IN this city, on the 6th inst., by Rev. ELEAZER SAVAGE, Rev. AUGUSTUS H. STRONG, of Haverhill, Mass., and Miss HARRIET L., daughter of the officiating clergyman.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

FARM FOR SALE containing 102 acres of choice land. Apply to E. W. MILLS & CO., Skaneateles, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Four LONG-WOOL BUCKS, at low prices. Three took Premiums at the late State Fair.
Address JOHN BETTERIDGE, Clifton, N. Y.

POULTRY.—I have for sale BRONZE TURKEYS, Cayuga Black Ducks, and Gray Dorkings.
618-3t JOHN R. PAGE, Sennett, N. Y.

A Few Thousand DELAWARE BUDS for sale by DAUGHADAY & BRANTSON, Newburgh Fruit Garden and Nurseries, Newburgh, N. Y.

HAWTHORN SEED for immediate use. I offer the public, for one month, Hawthorn Seed in ten ounce packages, at $1 each, by mail, well packed, on receipt of order and cash. W. M. BEAUCHAMP, Skaneateles, N. Y.

FALLEY SEMINARY, FULTON, N. Y., offers Board, Washing, Fuel, and Room furnished, except sheets and pillow cases, for $31 50 a term of 14 weeks, which opens Dec. 5th, 1861. Tuition from $5 to $8. Address
618-3t JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

Pear Seedlings, one year old, 4 to 12 inches, stocky and free from blight.
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES of all kinds. Osage Orange, one year old, Quince stocks from cuttings and layers.
Reference—Those who have dealt with us. 615-3t
Address N. R. & M. D. WILLSON, West Bloomfield, N. Y.

CHOICE POULTRY for SALE.

WHITE-LEGGED DERBY GAME FOWLS, bred from stock obtained a few years since at Knowsley, England.
STREAKED-BREASTED BLACK-RED GAME FOWLS, bred chiefly from stock obtained of the late Lord Berwick in 1860.
TOULOUSE GEESE, bred from stock imported from France by A. W. Austin, Esq. These are considered in Europe the largest of all Geese, and are much esteemed by epicures for the excellence of their flesh.
Price of the Game Fowls $5 per pair, of the Geese $12 per pair. All the stock is of the best quality.
SANFORD HOWARD,
Office of the Boston Cultivator, Boston, Mass.
Nov 7, 1861. 618-3t

CARPETINGS!

500 PIECES
New and Elegant Carpetings!

Comprising many new styles, never before in this market.—OUR STOCK is complete in *every department*, from the ROYAL MEDALLIONS to the very *lowest priced Carpet* made.

Elegant Carpets,

FOR DRAWING ROOMS,
PARLORS, DINING ROOMS,
HALLS, LIBRARIES
CHAMBERS, KITCHENS
OFFICES, CHURCHES, SCHOOL HOUSES.

In fact, the best assortment of all kinds of CARPET ROOM GOODS to be found in any one house in this country.

We have purchased much *larger* than usual, in anticipation of the *rise* of *Carpetings*, in consequence of the *new Tariff*, and the great call for *low priced*

WOOLS FOR ARMY USES,

A fact that should be borne in mind by all persons about buying a new Carpet; as all goods purchased by us after this will *cost* from 10 to 20 cents per yard more than now.

OUR STOCK IS THE LARGEST IN VARIETY to be found in any *Retail House in this State*, and at *prices that cannot fail to suit the* CLOSEST BUYERS.
HOWE & ROGERS,
618-eotf Carpet Ware Rooms, 35 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

OLMSTED'S NEW WORK.

WE PUBLISH TO-DAY

The Cotton Kingdom,

A TRAVELER'S OBSERVATION ON COTTON AND SLAVERY IN THE AMERICAN SLAVE STATES. Based upon three former volumes of Journeys and Investigations by the same author. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED. Two Volumes, 12mo, with colored statistical map of the Cotton Kingdom and its Dependencies. Price $2.

This publication was called for by several eminent organs of public opinion in England, as well as by private advice to the author immediately on the outbreak of the slaveholders' rebellion. It brings into unbroken connection with suitable explanation and extension, the author's observations upon the relations of the cotton demand, and of the employment of slaves to the rebellion, with special reference to the correction of certain prevalent errors of public opinion. As a carefully studied picture of the condition of the people of the South immediately preceding the rebellion, it already possesses an historic value similar to that of the travels of Arthur Young shortly before the outbreak of the French Revolution.

The publishers believe that the COTTON KINGDOM affords at once the most interesting and satisfactory popular account attainable of the resources and condition of the Southern States, their agriculture and commerce, the workings of their institutions, the characteristics, manners and customs of their people, and their social and political views and feelings. As a graphic and attractive writer Mr. Olmsted has few equals, while the accuracy of his observations and impartiality of his statements are unquestioned.

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THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turned
  To take a last fond look
Of the valley and the village church,
  And the cottage by the brook;
He listened to the sounds
  So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leaned upon his sword,
  And brushed away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch
  A girl was on her knees;
She held aloft a snow white scarf,
  Which fluttered to the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him—
  A prayer he could not hear—
But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
  And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot—
  O, do not deem him weak—
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
  Though tears were on his cheek
Go watch the forward rank
  In danger's dark career—
Be sure the hand most daring there
  Has wiped away a tear.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MATCH-MAKING.

BY KATE CAMERON.

It is part of the discipline of our mortal existence that those trials from which we most shrink are the very ones which are needed for the true development of our character, and, therefore, the ones from which we cannot escape.

Perhaps this is one reason why CLARENCE LIVERMORE, who had ever held matrimonial match-making in the utmost abhorence, was yet condemned from his earliest manhood to be the victim of its wily machinations. To be sure, such a fact was not greatly to be wondered at when his many attractions, both of purse and power, were taken into account; the only son of a wealthy merchant in the Empire City, heir alike to a goodly amount of brain-stock and bank-stock, a lawyer with a good practice and sufficient talent to sustain the fair reputation he had already established for himself. He was, nevertheless, at thirty, decidedly averse to the idea of granting any fair lady the honor of figuring on Broadway as Mrs. CLARENCE LIVERMORE.

Do not think him ungallant, or unsusceptible to the tender passion. Many a blooming maiden had been his companion at concert, and drive, or soiree; and yet from the shining galaxy he had not yet singled out "a bright particular star" to be the light of his home. More than once did he imagine he had made such a selection, but invariably some remark of a managing mama, or discreet aunt of his chosen ones, would reach his ears, and at once he relinquished all claims to her smiles. He had no fancy for being exulted over as a "decided catch," a "prize in life's lottery," and the like; and his good mother, who was herself not in the least insensible to the advantages of a desirable alliance, began to regard her son as a confirmed "bachelor." She had long since ceased making suggestions upon the qualifications of this or that candidate for a place in the family records of the house of "Livermore;" but she was occasionally detected searching among the raven curls of her only pride and hope, half fearing lest some silvery intruder might there be found to warn of approaching age. Ere that dreaded messenger appeared, the little episode in our bachelor friend's life occurred, which, with your permission, kind reader, we will now relate.

Like most city people, CLARENCE LIVERMORE had "friends in the country," and if you are not thus favored, you cannot imagine one-half the blessedness comprised in those four words. It is not enough that during July and August the denizens of the brick and mortar world should leave all the comforts and luxuries of their stately mansions, and consent to be packed away in diminutive back chambers in some ill-ventilated country boarding house, where the scenery and fishing are "*done*" by rule, no one caring for anything they see or for any one they meet; but having, on their return to pavements and parlors, the extreme satisfaction of saying—"I've been spending two months at the sea-side, and we had such an exquisite time!" or, "You can't imagine how romantic the scenery in Blank County is,—the views are perfectly splendid!"

No, no; this isn't *life* in the country. But go away among the New England hills, where if you can establish your claim to be twentieth cousin to your host, you will be welcome, — go to some snug farm house, with its homely comforts and homely fare, but where everything is for use and nothing for mere outside show,—and where, unlike the city custom, the owner prides himself on not having anything as nice as he can afford to have it. Go where the barns are of more importance than the houses, and the broad and fertile acres are tilled by the honest industry of master as well as servant; where idleness and ennui are words unknown; but where hearts are warm, and free, and true, and the bounties of mother Nature are lavished with unstinting hand, which generosity seems to be copied by all her children. Go there and *live* for two months, and then come back to your toil and trade with browner brows, and harder hands, and stronger souls. You will have learned more in those weeks of social intercourse with great and noble hearts, and in communion with all that is pure and lovely in the natural world, than months of fashionable journeying, or years of gas-light masquerading could teach you.

Such a place to visit had CLARENCE LIVERMORE. A cosey New Hampshire cottage, the home of his father's only brother.

While CHARLES, the youngest, had gone forth to make his fortune in the world of trade, WILLIAM, the oldest son, had inherited the old homestead, and year after year had plodded on in the time-honored way, content to live in his father's house, and only craving, when his life-work should be ended, a place in his father's sepulchre. He was still hale and hearty, though the furrows of three score years and ten were written on his forehead, and with the wife of his youth, he was now descending with unfaltering steps into the valley of old age; "hand in hand" as they went up so many years before, on the green hill-sides of youth, both cherishing the hope that when their pilgrimage should close, they might "sleep together at the foot."

It was several years since CLARENCE LIVERMORE had visited Valemont; but having announced his intended arrival, he was received with the greatest cordiality by "uncle WILLIAM" and "aunt MARY," and immediately ushered into the "best room," which, with its home-made carpet, old polished furniture, family portraits, and pitchers filled with asparagus boughs and marigolds, was the very picture of old-fashioned domestic comfort.

Here aunt MARY mysteriously approached her nephew, and whispered solemnly, "You are not married yet?"

A decided negative. "Nor like to be?" "No, indeed!"

"And you don't want to be?"

"Certainly not."

"Oh! well then, there's no danger, I suppose; you see my niece from Philadelphia is visiting here,—a right smart girl, too,—but *she is engaged*, and I thought it my duty to warn you beforehand."

CLARENCE laughed heartily at the serious face and earnest tone of his judicious relative, and assured her there was no danger of his interfering with another's rights; but begged that he might have the privilege of improving his personal appearance before being presented to the lady in question.

An hour afterward he found himself chatting merrily with the very impersonation of natural grace and beauty, Miss FANNIE OSBORNE. He would never have suspected her city origin, but for her attention to the slightest requirements of etiquette; for in form and face she seemed a mountain maiden, blooming with health, a dewy rose-bud fresh from its leafy bower.

Paying entire deference to her uncle and aunt, she was still so lively and winning in her conversation with them, so piquant and yet so polite in her remarks to CLARENCE, that he listened to her every word as if spell-bound. He missed her after they had partaken of their delicious evening repast, but in passing the kitchen window with his uncle, he descried her wiping the dishes, and chatting playfully with Aunt MARY. In a few moments her broad-brimmed gipsey disappeared round the corner of the orchard, and she soon returned with a few choice specimens of a rare plant, of which she had been telling CLARENCE, in a botanical disquisition before tea.

This was but the beginning of weeks of happy intercourse, such as our confirmed bachelor had never indulged a dream of. FANNIE was not rich,—of that her plain, but always tasteful wardrobe gave evidence,—but what was wealth to him, the only son of CHARLES LIVERMORE, Esq? No, the obstacle was her own engagement, and his high sense of honor would not allow him even to imagine its removal. No! he would dream a little longer,—he would enjoy the sunshine of her presence for a few brief weeks, and then go back to the stern battle of life, with a heart forever closed against all future charmers, while on its sealed portals should be engraved the mournful sentence,

> "The saddest words of tongue or pen,
> Are written here—*it might have been*!"

Almost the only ornament that FANNIE wore was a handsomely chased locket, suspended from a slender gold chain. CLARENCE one day begged the privilege of examining it. The spring opened, and disclosed a fine, manly countenance, which was every way prepossessing in its expression. He fancied that a rosier hue tinged FANNIE's cheek, as she said—"that is my best friend, CHARLES HARRINGTON."

"He must be a happy man!" was CLARENCE's exclamation.

"Oh! he is, very happy," answered FANNIE with a merry laugh, and then she talked of TENNYSON, and WORDSWORTH, and BROWNING, and ended by asking if she shouldn't make him a blackberry pudding for dinner.

Two or three times a week Uncle WILLIAM would bring in an ominously thick letter for FANNIE, and always telling her that she needn't blush, or that it was only from CHARLEY, or something of the sort, would unwittingly inflict the most tantalizing sufferings upon his nephew. FANNIE always took these letters to her room to read, and CLARENCE would torture himself with the idea of her lingering lovingly over each word, and perchance imprinting warm kisses on the dear signature.

He became restless and uneasy; complained of want of appetite, and began to take solitary rambles on the mountains; Aunt MARY grew alarmed for his health; prescribed various decoctions and infusions of herbs, and positively forbade his going off alone by himself, it looked too much as if he premeditated suicide. FANNIE would go with him to "keep an eye on him;" and so, all manner of pleasant excursions were planned, and executed,—pic-nics, rides, and fishing parties—at all of which CLARENCE must of course act as Miss FANNIE's knight errant; indeed the simple villagers of Valemont looked upon it as a "settled matter." Of course, Mr. LIVERMORE and Miss OSBORNE were engaged, and would be married "early in the fall."

Alas! for CLARENCE, no such bright hope lured him onward,— he felt as if involved in a shining web of circumstances from whose bright meshes he must soon break away, but which would leave him nothing to live for, and while the delusion lasted he would yield himself an unresisting victim to its magic spell.

But September was drawing near, and then he must return to his city home. FANNIE also announced her intention of going to Philadelphia, the first of that month; and he was planning their journey homeward, and picturing to himself the anguish of the parting which awaited him at its close, when one golden afternoon the stage stopped at the gate, and a gentleman alighted, valise in hand. FANNIE was embroidering a pair of slippers for her uncle, but she heeded not the disarrangement of zephyrs and canvas, as she sprang from her seat, and ran hurriedly down the long flower-bordered walk, to meet the stranger. CLARENCE was the unwilling witness of a very loving embrace, and then the two approached the house leisurely, the hum of their voices borne in by the summer breeze. CLARENCE looked around, it was too late for him to escape, it was not really worth the while to take his own life, (even if he had the means at hand,) and thereby forfeit forever the esteem of Miss FANNIE, which he trusted he now possessed, so he murmured plaintively:

> "A place in thy memory, dearest!
>   Is all that I claim;
> To pause and look back when thou hearest
>   The sound of my name.
> Another may woo thee nearer,
>   Another may win thee, and wear;
> I care not tho' he may be dearer,
>   So I am remembered there!"

Having finished which rhapsody, he became more composed and stood up very erect, and smiled down very benignantly, when Miss OSBORNE said, "Allow me to present *my brother*, Mr. HARRINGTON."

"Your brother!" was CLARENCE's ejaculation. "I thought—" and for the first time in his life, CLARENCE LIVERMORE looked decidedly "non-plussed."

A merry laugh from FANNIE recalled his scattered senses, and she said quietly, "You don't understand the difference in names—my mother was twice married." And she hastened to announce her brother's arrival to their aunt.

CLARENCE's first feeling was one of relief and exultation; he no had rival but a *brother* to fear, and his self sacrificing spirit suddenly vanished, while a *place in her memory* seemed a very inadequate compensation for all the homage of his devoted heart. But sober second thought intruded its grim visage. Aunt MARY had said FANNIE was engaged, she did not say that she was engaged to Mr. HARRINGTON; and as for the picture in the locket, although it bore a marvelous resemblance to this newly arrived fraternal relative, still might not after all be the same; and even if it were, the remark about CHARLES HARRINGTON being her best friend, might be only the pretty fiction of a modest maiden, while the letters might all have been from the favored man, whoever he was, who had now the priceless treasure of her love.

Deeper and deeper plunged our poor friend into these perplexing questions, far more difficult of solution than any of the legal mysteries which he was so skillful in unravelling. He heard nothing, saw nothing, until tea was announced, and he found he had been sitting alone a whole hour, with his head bowed in his hands.

At the tea-table Mr. HARRINGTON and his sister were full of pleasant chat. FANNIE had so many questions to ask, and so many spirited accounts of her country adventures to relate, that as CLARENCE glanced furtively at her animated face, he half-wished that *he* had been born CHARLES HARRINGTON, and that his widowed mother had married Mr. OSBORNE.

At length Aunt MARY remarked carelessly, "Well, CHARLES, I've been trying to persuade FANNIE to give up her foolish engagement, and come and stay with us; but she seems determined to sacrifice herself."

"Yes," was the reply; "and the school commissioners insist on her presenting herself before their august board, on Wednesday week. I'm rather sorry, myself, that she has undertaken such a task, but think her perfectly right in keeping her word."

Did CLARENCE hear aright? Was it only an engagement to teach school that stood between him and happiness? He must know,—further suspense was intolerable, and he not surprised that Mr. CHAS. HARRINGTON was left alone with his uncle and aunt during the whole of that moonlight evening, while CLARENCE LIVERMORE and FANNIE OSBORNE walked back and forth under the stately elms, and read in each others beaming eyes a record of true love, already registered on the tablets of their hearts.

CLARENCE declared on his return to the parlor that Aunt MARY was the most designing, as well as most skillful of match-makers, and the only one in the world whom he could in the least tolerate or forgive.

FANNIE OSBORNE taught one term in the school where her independent spirit had led her to apply for a situation, but although she gave entire satisfaction, the committee failed to secure her services for a longer period; and the Christmas Holidays witnessed the introduction of a new and charming "star" to the most refined circles of New York; yet one that shone with brighter radiance in the calm horizon of *home*, and cared for no higher honor than to be known as the loved and loving *wife* of CLARENCE LIVERMORE!

Rochester, N. Y., 1861.

◆

DROPS OF WISDOM.

INDULGE in humor just as much as you please, so it isn't ill-humor.

EVERY creature knoweth its capacity, running in the road of instinct.

ALL beautiful composition is in the dictionary only the words are transposed.

SOME authors are mines; most are minters; those furnish the gold, these the coin.

A MAN that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make use of him.

ADVERSITY brings forth purity of character, as the purest water flows from the hardest rock.

HE who despises praise will not be likely to practice the virtues that would entitle him to it.

WE laugh at the fool, and also his folly; hence pulpit comedians ever obtain their reward.

THE worst-hearted of enemies are often less to be dreaded than the most kind-hearted of friends.

THEY who least shrink at the storm of fortune, are always most virtuous and victorious in the end.

YOUTH has the same depth of thought as age, but wants the lead line which measures its profundity.

IN private, watch your thoughts. In the family, watch your temper. In company, watch your tongue.

No man's soul is alone; Laocoon or Tobit, the serpent has it by the heart, or the angel by the hand.

AN OLD PROVERB.—It is an old proverb that "boys will be boys." What a pity 'tisn't equally true that men will be men.

WHEN we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

THE best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

MERIT is never so conspicuous as when it springs from obscurity, just as the moon never looks so lustrous as when it emerges from a cloud.

UNITY results from compression; union, from attraction. A barrel is a forced unity, and falls into pieces at the breaking of the hoops; a lake is a union from an inner life, and exists because every water drop loves every other. May our States be drawn into union, not forced into unity.

No man need fear that he will exhaust his substance of thought, if he will only draw his inspiration from actual human life. There the inexhaustible God pours depths and endless variety of truth; and the true thinker is but a short-hand writer endeavoring to report the discourse of God. Shall a child on the banks of the Amazon fear lest he should drink up the stream?

IN great matters of public moment, where both parties are at a stand, and both are punctilious, slight condescensions cost little, but are worth much. He that yields them is wise, inasmuch as he purchases guineas with farthings. A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a ton of vinegar would only corrode the wheels and canker the movements.

IF you would add lustre to all your accomplishments, study a modest behavior. To excel in anything valuable is great; but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater. Consider, if you have rich natural gifts, you owe them to the divine bounty. If you have improved your understanding, and studied virtue, you have only done your duty. And thus there seems little ground left for vanity.

Wit and Humor.

SOJER MUSIC.

WORDS ADAPTED TO BEATS OF DRUMS, ETC.

FROM that interesting miscellany of literary gossip, *Notes and Queries*, we gather the following military stanzas, adapted to the various beats of drum, bugle-calls, &c., in the use of the army:

First Bugle for Dinner

Officers' wives, get your puddings and pies,
Soldiers' wives, get your rations.
Rations and pies,
Rations and pies.
Officers' wives, &c.

Also the call for orders:

Come for orders, come for orders,
Come for orders, come;
Come for orders, come;
Come for orders, orderlies all!

The following words are applied to that confounded "rataplanning" that goes on about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, in places where soldiers resort:

Go to bed, Tom; go to bed, Tom;
Drunk or sober, go to bed, Tom.

There is another elegant *morceau*, but we know not to what particular beat it is applied:

What will you do with the drunken sodger?
What will you do with the drunken sodger?
So early in the morning?

Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,
Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,
So early in the morning.

What will you do with him when he's sober?
What will you do with him when he's sober?
So early in the morning?

Give him three dozen at the triangles,
Give him three dozen at the triangles,
So early in the morning.

Quarter Drum.

Fifteen minutes to live, to live,
Fifteen minutes to live.

This is a warning beat, indicating that the parade will form in a quarter of an hour:

Fatigue Call.

Shoulder your shovel, and quick come dig,
Shoulder your shovel, John Todd,
Shoulder your shovel, ne'er think of the bed,
And work with a will, John Todd.

No Parade.

There is no parade to day;
There is no parade to-day;
There is no parade
For our brigade,
For our brigade
To day.

The music (?) of this call is decidedly the prettiest in the service; and it is used whenever any circumstance, such as a storm, necessitates the suppression of the parade and its consequent drills.

Dinner Call.

Come, pick them up, pick them up—
Hot potatoes, hot potatoes;
Pick them up, pick them up,
Hot potatoes, hot potatoes—all.

Working Call.

I called him, I called him—
He wouldn't come, he wouldn't come,
I called him, I called him—
But he wouldn't come at all.

One more specimen, and these notes must close:

Stable Call.

Oh, come to your stable—
Work while you're able—
Water your horses and give them some corn.
If you don't do it,
The colonel shall know it,
And you shall be punished according to law.
So come to your stable—
Work while you're able—
And water your horses and give them some corn.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters.

My 6, 3, 4, 2, 3 10, 14 is the manner in which "my whole" affects Union-loving people.

My 9, 8, 14, 8, 6, 10, 8, 2, 7, 14, 8 is what Unionists say of "my whole."

My 6, 2, 12, 5, 6 expresses interminable time

My 3, 5, 6, 9, 7 grow in the woods.

My 7, 11, 13, 6 is what Christ came to do for the world

My 1, 5, 8, 14, 13, 2 is the name of one of the noblest ladies in the land.

My 10, 2, 6 is the name of a river in Scotland.

My 3, 11, 12, 6, 6, 7, 11, 8, 6, 12, 11, 13, 6 is what the South says to the North.

My whole is the name of a distinguished rebel.

Elkhorn, Wis., 1861. FANNIE J. PERKINS.

☞ Answer in two weeks

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ANAGRAMS.

1. Spare him not.
2. Best in prayer.
3. A nice cold pie.
4. All great sins.
5. Golden Land.
6. Regard a Abe?
7. Vista of tager enm lal radmin an
   We ane kams ieu vilsa eublemi,
   Das daringpat veals hedbin en
   Ofte trinps no het anads fo temi.

College Hill, O. J. M. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A TREE or stick of hewn timber, its length fifty feet,
Of equal dimensions to make *our* rule meet,
To be raised up by five men who are stout and robust,
Each to lift a share equal to make matters just;
Four-fifths of its weight on a lever doth rest,—
Where the lever is placed is what is to be guessed,—
To be lifted by four men who all do their best;
Leaving one fifth of its weight at the end for one man,
Who will lift it, I think—of course, if he can.
Now tell me, kind sir, where the lever must be?
Then lift your share equal with the other three,
And I'll raise up the end and do it with pleasure—
The experiment we'll try whene'er we have leisure

Oakfield, Kent Co., Mich., 1861. WM. H. H. DAVIS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN being asked how many guineas he had in his pocket, answered: if the number I have be multiplied by 16, and the square root of the product be added to it, I shall then have 469 1-10 guineas. How many guineas had he in his pocket?

Castile, N. Y., 1861. WM DUFF.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

CORRECTION.—By inadvertence the answers sent you to my last problem are incorrect. They should be as follows: Lesser abscissa, 63.661006 + feet. Greater abscissa, 435.335994 + feet. E. A. DODDS.

◆

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 616.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—JOHN C. FREMONT.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The Red, White, and Blue

Answer to Poetical Enigma:—A needle

A Seasonable Announcement—which please Read, and then Show or Proclaim to your Acquaintances.

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◆

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NOVEMBER 16, 1861. ADDRESS D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.